Chronicles

November 1993

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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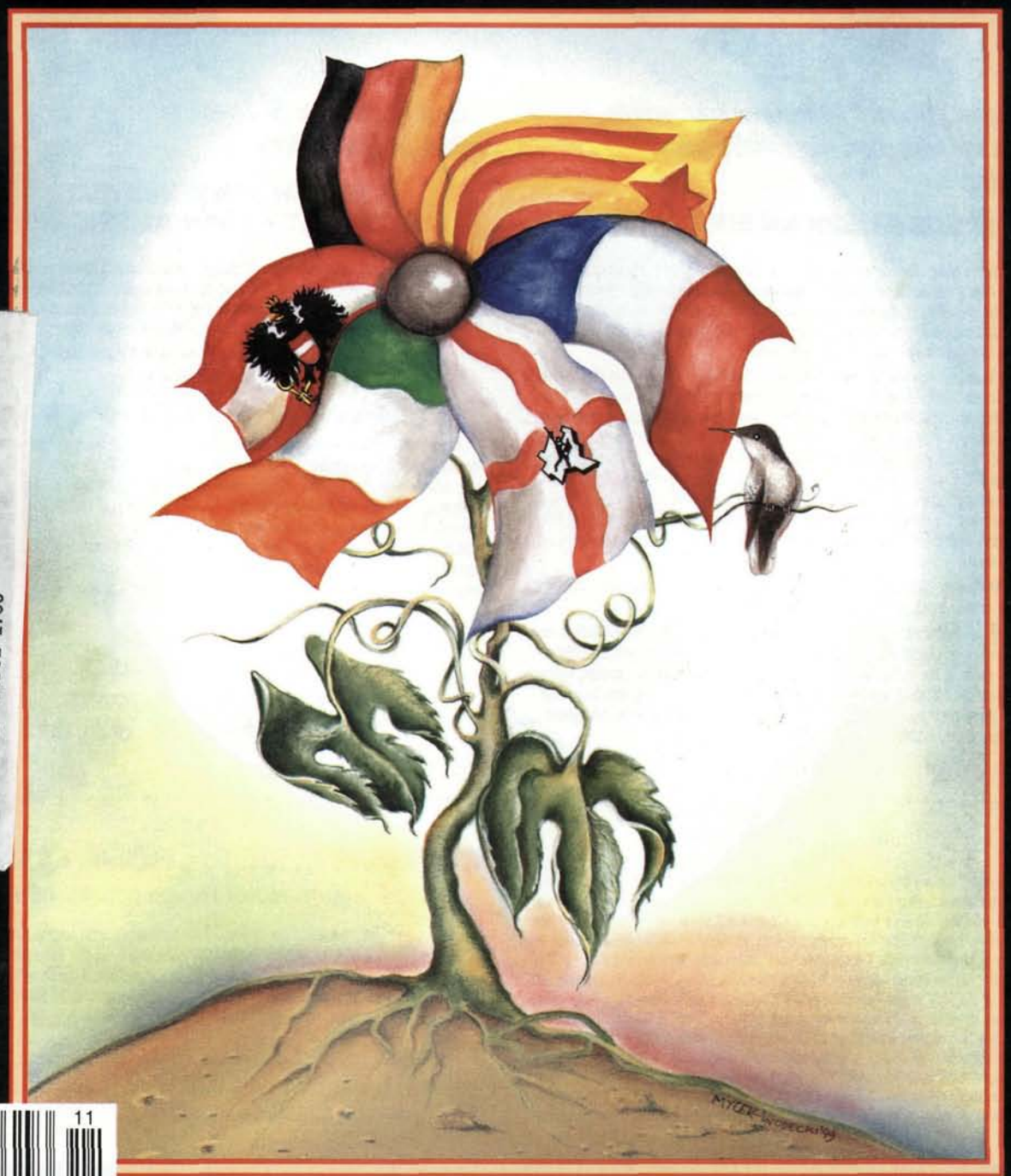

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Chronicles

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On 'Conservatism'

I was sorely disappointed by the editing of my review of Paul Gottfried's *The Conservative Movement, Revised Edition* ("Gloomy Conservatives," August 1993). My attempt at irony and subtlety might have exceeded my ability to express myself and thus confused your editor; but this only validates the need for a review of the editing by the author, as I was offered but did not receive.

For example, where I attempted irony to mildly chide the book under review for criticizing as faults the early conservative movement's "defiant" tone, its opposition to George Wallace, its political activism, and its optimism, the heavy-handed editor has me agreeing with the author! The obvious import of my review—as the headline-writer recognized—was to contrast earlier optimism with the author's gloomy picture of conservatism, and to balance its detached perspective with some sense of political engagement.

Part of this attempt to change tone was to be more understanding of those involved in the political arena. Yet, rather than print my gentle response to a far stronger criticism of the Heritage Foundation by the book's author, the editor turns it into a gratuitous comment about that fine institution. When I try to make the point that I cannot accept that only neoconservatives move conservatives left—citing that something has moved Irving Kristol right—it is turned into the nonsense statement that I do not believe neoconservatives turn conservatives leftward. Of course they do; the question the book raises is whether it ever goes in the other direction. I think it works both ways, perhaps more in moving neoconservatives right, which is why they are hyphenated conservatives.

Distortions across the difficult divides of conservatism are understandable. Still, my hope is that my favorite editor was on one of his many foreign trips—which he uses to so well educate us all—and that he was not available to exercise his usual diligent oversight of the most thought-provoking journal of opinion in the country today.

—Donald Devine
Alexandria, VA

Donald Devine's assertion that "conservatism in the 80's *did* roll back (however temporarily) the welfare state" is preposterous. This is *not* true. No way. Under Reagan and Bush, big government (taxes, the annual deficit, the national debt) got *bigger* than ever in the history of our country. Why does Devine write such crap?

—John Lofton
Laurel, MD

Donald Devine is to be congratulated for a perceptive and well-written review of my book. His praise is extremely generous, and even his critical remarks are far more pleasant to see than the blackout on my work imposed by Movement Conservative magazines. Don is correct that my two concluding chapters are far less flattering toward Irving Kristol and Midge Decter than is an earlier chapter, left over from the first edition. My editorial choice was either to remove the limited praise conferred on Kristol and Decter, which was merely giving the Devil his due, or to appear unnecessarily mean-spirited, by finding nothing to praise in my later objects of criticism.

Like other sympathetic readers, Don is unclear about the point of my investigative reporting. Why do I give so much attention to the neoconservatives' takeover of formerly anti-New Deal foundations and to the varied uses of conquered funds? My stress on the largesse neocons shower on each other was intended to discredit any claim that they have suffered for their principles.

One obvious reason neoconservatives favor an expanded federal sector is that they have built their empire on public as well as philanthropic funds. Their backing, in many cases, of Bill Clinton against George Bush in the presidential race was at least partly prompted by the hope of cutting a deal with Democrats for federal patronage. I am certainly not arguing that financial interest provides a sufficient explanation for neoconservative or movement conservative political behavior. Nor would I suggest that paleoconservatives would be allowed into the NY-DC political conversation if they raised a few billion dollars for their own journals and think tanks. Neoconservatives are where they are, in part, because they cooperate with the liberal establishment

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in pushing conservative issues and "values" leftward and in condemning any credible right as fascist or worse. Paleocons represent a threat to the political class and its media allies and will therefore be kept out of polite discussion at any price. But neoconservative money, which has not been squandered, has contributed to its successes. That is all that I intend to prove in my controversial sixth chapter.

I would finally note that Don's hope of discussing his own Taftian agenda with neoconservatives will go nowhere, if my analysis turns out to be correct. Why should neoconservatives, given their views, power, and proven ruthlessness, listen to him at all? What possible benefit could they derive from turning against their own political class and from calling for the dismantling of our highly centralized welfare state? Why should they embrace Don's foreign policy, in the teeth of their expressed ideological and ethnic concerns? And what will be the fate of this hoped-for dialogue if they decide that they don't like Don? At that point they will threaten to cut the funds of movement conservatives who continue to associate with Dr. Devine. And they will instruct their liberal and other friends in the media to accuse him of anti-Semitism, which has now been defined as insensitivity to neoconservatives or to anyone identified with AIPAC. Though I have no quarrel with Don's agenda, it seems improbable that he and the neoconservatives, or their hired servants, will discuss any agenda as political equals. Note how the Athenian democrats, whom neoconservatives profess to admire, treated their "allies." They argued with them in courts and in assemblies, as long as it tickled their vanity. But when that activity ceased to be interesting, Pericles and his party had no scruples about using force. If Don would like, I could send him a list of the American victims of neocon global democracy. But I'm sure he himself could supply his own.

—Paul Gottfried
Elizabethtown, PA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S birthday went virtually unnoticed earlier this year, the 250th anniversary of his birth. Nothing is more indicative of how badly we Americans have squandered our moral capital and betrayed the substance of our history. We did have, of course, President Clinton's inaugural journey from Monticello, though it is hard to imagine anything further from the true spirit of Jeffersonian democracy than the motley crew of socialists, spoilsmen, image manipulators, and foreign agents who make up the present leadership of the Democratic Party (except perhaps the motley crew of stockjobbers, spoilsmen, image manipulators, and foreign agents who make up the leadership of the Republican Party).

Then there was the conference on "Jeffersonian Legacies," held at Mr. Jefferson's University and since issued as a book and a videotape for PBS, that was devoted to a motley lot of dubiously qualified Northeastern and California intellectuals preening about how much wiser and more enlightened they are about racial matters than Mr. Jefferson. In fact, Jefferson's discussion of the American racial dilemma in Query XIV of *Notes on the State of Virginia* says everything true that can be said about the subject, ethically and intellectually, as will be seen a hundred years from now, should there be any men and women left who are capable of Jefferson's range, clarity, honesty, and detachment.

Jefferson had the most capacious mind and, until his later years, the most optimistic temperament of any of the Founders. Had he never held a public office, his vast corpus of letters and writings would still be one of our most important legacies from that era. He was, on one side of his personality, a true intellectual, fond of ideas and speculation. The dull-witted and literal-minded have continually taken his statements out of context as dogmatic proposals to be enforced or opposed, failing to distinguish, as he did himself, between Jefferson the American public man and President and Jefferson the international man of letters.

Conservatives, in particular the heirs of his enemies the Federalists, have had a hard time with Jefferson, often finding in him the anticipation of all they hate. Which is just the reverse of the counterfeit coin peddled by the leftists of this century who once made him an unrecognizable idol (though they thankfully are no longer much inclined to do so). In other words, Jefferson has been erected again and again into a straw man to worship or to execrate. He is bigger than all of the trivial images that have been constructed. To rediscover him we must unravel layer after layer of misrepresentations piled up by successive generations of self-centered interpreters. (For instance, on the slavery question, liberal intellectuals made him one of them, and then attacked him for hypocrisy when they discovered that he wasn't. But this is silly. Jefferson was himself, easily discernible all along to any honest observer, and under no obligation to conform himself to the categories of trivial thinkers of later generations.)

Conservatives, misled by some of the more unscrupulous opponents of his own time, have had problems with Jefferson's religion. Undoubtedly he tended toward deism, as did most of the intelligent men of his time to some degree or other. But Jefferson was never an enemy of religion, despite the hysterical charges of New England preachers unhinged by the French Revolution and their personal loss of deference. Jefferson always conducted his family life within the Anglican communion, in contrast to John Adams, who is invariably described as an upholder of orthodoxy though he became a Unitarian (!) not out of youthful folly but of a mature decision.

Jefferson the public man was in fact the favorite candidate of the more tolerant Protestant denominations and religious minorities. What he opposed was what he called "priestcraft," by which he meant the clergy of New England hellbent on dominating the minds and actions of other men by force rather than

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free assent. The "priestcraft" has degenerated from Calvinist to transcendentalist and now to progressive-liberal, but the principle remains the same.

Likewise Jefferson's educational system has been praised and condemned as the progenitor of our modern public school establishment. But the debased system we have comes from Prussia by way of the New England reformers Horace Mann and John Dewey. Its rationale is egalitarian and regimented "progress." The goal of Jefferson's proposed educational system was excellence and the rescue of talent from obscurity for the good of the commonwealth. A resemblance is apparent only to the terminally shallow who mistake words for things.

The process of Jeffersonian obscurantism began early in the 19th century, when the village atheists of New England, from Emerson on down, who execrated Jefferson the public man, began to appropriate selective words of Jefferson the philosophe (like "all men are created equal") as ammunition in their own will to power ("priestcraft"). This was their common way of proceeding. For instance, at the same time they managed to turn the fox-hunting cavalier George Washington into a puritan prig congenial to themselves.

The process reached culmination in the 1850's, when a new party stole the name of Jefferson's party, "Republican," to cover a platform of business subsidy, abolitionist agitation, and puritanism—all things that Jefferson abhorred. It would never have occurred to him that his own personal philosophical position could be employed by very different men as an ideological juggernaut to coerce his fellow citizens by federal force. Jefferson the public man led and reflected a public consensus, not an ideological program. It was very clear to his own generation, and the subsequent generation or two in those parts of the country that followed him, what that consensus was.

Jefferson and his friends came to power (the "Revolution of 1800") in opposition to the economic and moral imperialism of Hamilton and his friends—a program of taxes, manipulation of the economy for the inevitable benefit of the few and the burden of the many, moral dragooning of the population, and involvement in foreign power politics. It was this threat that Jefferson and his friends put down, and kept down, for half a century—the happiest era of the Union.

Jefferson the philosophe is of great intellectual interest but of little political relevance to our very different, chastened age. It is Jefferson the public man we need to recover, as well as his program and his party: adherence to the limits of federal power in the Constitution; preservation of the rights of the states as the chief bulwark of our liberties (the "Principles of 1798," toasted by Jeffersonians for generations); low taxes; a simple and economical government that interferes as little as possible in the activities of the citizens; avoidance of "entangling alliances."

This was the platform of Jefferson the leader who postponed Hamiltonian calamities to the Republic and who was loved by the preponderance of the American people in his own time and long after. It is that Jefferson we need and who is our greatest asset against high-handed elites who oppress the people in the name of equality and popular rule. It is that Jefferson who said: "I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple." "Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread." "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talent." "I am not among those who fear the people. They, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom. And to preserve their independence, we must not let our rulers load us with perpetual debt. We must make our election between *economy and liberty*, or *profusion and servitude*."

Once Jeffersonian democrats were the most numerous of all American political types. During the second half of the 20th century they have scarcely been heard from. Yet, in my opinion, there are, out there in the hinterlands, millions of us waiting for a reassertion of the "Principles of 1798" and for another "Revolution of 1800." But, alas, we wait in vain for another Jefferson to lead.

—*Clyde Wilson*

SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT on May 24, the ship *Pai Sheng* slipped into San Francisco Bay. With at least 200 people jammed below deck, the ship docked at Fort Point, at the base of the Golden Gate Bridge. The 19th-century fort, built to guard the city against invaders and once a Coast Guard station, has long since been reduced to a tourist attraction. But the occupants of the boat, swarming ashore, were not tourists. Mostly citizens of China's Fujian and Guangdong provinces, these "visitors" had paid $20,000 apiece to book passage. However, the *Pai Sheng* was no luxury liner, but a 250-foot freighter, its occupants crammed together below deck like cattle. They were mostly men, but included a few women and children, all of whom had turned over their life savings for what they hoped would be a one-way trip to the United States.

It was a brazen plan, the landing expertly executed in less than an hour, and they almost got away with it. Early reports said that the police "stumbled" on the operation; later news accounts claimed that the ship's passengers were "practically delivered into the waiting arms of federal agents." In fact, the Coast Guard had been tracking the vessel for a month; when it showed up near San Francisco Bay, the Coast Guard tried to reach the ship by radio, but there was no response. The captain did nothing, explaining that only Coast Guard and Navy ships and ships carrying military cargo are required to report to the Coast Guard. "It's not that unusual that a ship would come in and not answer up," said Captain Win Risinger, commander of Coast Guard Group San Francisco, "because it's not mandatory."

A foreign vessel steams into San Francisco Bay and refuses to answer repeated attempts to establish radio contact—but this was apparently not enough to tip off the hapless guardians of America's borders. It wasn't until military police happened upon a truckload of Chinese on the nearby Presidio military base that the authorities had a clue as to what was happening right under their noses.

With transportation arranged by local cohorts waiting on shore, about half the boat's occupants reached land before the feds woke up. The rest, about 170, were rounded up and placed in detention. The absurd aspect of this whole incident is that their detention may be temporary. As a kind of insurance against the possibility of getting caught, the passengers of the *Pai Sheng* were provided by the organizers of this little expedition with the phone number of a prominent local immigration authority, John Wu. Mr. Wu quickly declared that his newfound clients are fleeing political persecution and thus are entitled to live, work, and eventually vote in the United States.

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Wu's particular spin on this argument was that his clients were fleeing forced sterilization, the supposed fate of those who violate China's strict birth control measures. That this edict applies only to women, and that all but nine of the ship's passengers were men, does not phase Wu or the cadre of immigration lawyers who have rallied to his cause. The "right" to alight on America's shores, and to reproduce one's kind and one's culture without sanctions or limit, is unquestioned and unquestionable in this most politically correct of all cities.

Elsewhere, however, this incident may raise a few questions. While the President of the United States nearly goes to war over the territorial integrity of the make-believe state of Bosnia-Herzegovinia, ordinary Americans are beginning to ask why the integrity of our own borders is being massively violated on a daily basis. They read of the *Pai Sheng* incident and wonder how many other ships have made midnight landings, undetected, and dumped the detritus of uncounted nations on our shores.

In California, the economic consequences of this invasion were dramatized when Governor Pete Wilson asked for three billion dollars in federal aid to pay for the costs incurred in handling illegal aliens. Hospitals, schools, and welfare agencies are deluged, and California taxpayers foot the bill. The cultural consequences are equally grotesque. In San Francisco, where the Board of Supervisors has voted to bar city police from cooperating with INS agents, city officials and parents are engaged in a bitter struggle over which language ought to be spoken in the schools. In the city's West Portal district, students in the school's "immersion" program are required to speak Cantonese almost exclusively while they cover the same subject matter as the other students. According to a story in the *San Francisco Independent*, "the program targets English-speaking children with the goal of making them bilingual." For the past eight years, the school offered two regular classes and one immersion class for each grade; this year, bilingual proponents demanded that the ratio be changed to two immersion classes and one regular class. A "compromise" favoring the bilingual advocates was worked out. The school board has voted to encourage the growth of immersion programs, on the theory that it would be nothing less than racism to require Chinese speakers to learn English without also requiring English speakers to learn Cantonese. The same goes for Spanish, which has its own immersion program. In the multicultural paradise of postmodern California, linguistic egalitarianism is the order of the day.

As the rising tide of unrestricted immigration threatens to inundate what is left of America's cultural uniqueness, the political consequences are just beginning to make themselves felt. In avant-garde San Francisco, however, where the future is now, the results are already sadly apparent. Here a corrupt city bureaucrat who happens to be Chinese is fighting his firing on the grounds that to expel him from office amounts to anti-Chinese "racism." A recent demonstration by his supporters on the steps of City Hall was sponsored by a group known as "Chinese for Affirmative Action." Such is life in San Francisco, the model city of the new multicultural America.

As an indication of just how loony this city is, we have the situation created by President Clinton's appointment of city councilwoman Roberta Achtenberg, an avowed lesbian, to a top post at HUD. This opened up a seat on the city council and created a dilemma for Mayor Frank Jordan: Which victimized minority would he appease in filling the vacancy? Latinos demanded the seat because the only Latino on the council had been defeated in the last election. On the other hand, the powerful gay community was upset because it considered Achtenberg's seat its personal property. In a masterful political maneuver, which displayed his keen understanding of the new urban politics, Jordan killed two birds with one stone and appointed a lesbian Latina.

—*Justin Raimondo*

OBITER DICTA: Poet and novelist Fred Chappell and historian Eugene Genovese are the recipients of the 1993 Ingersoll Prizes. Chappell will receive the T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing, and Genovese, the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. The awards, each of which carries a cash prize of $20,000, acknowledge writers of abiding importance whose works affirm the fundamental principles of Western civilization.

Fred Davis Chappell was born in Canton, North Carolina, in 1936. Although he always thought of himself as a poet, he was first recognized as a novelist after writing three critically acclaimed novels in the 1960's: *It Is Time, Lord* (1963), *The Inkling* (1965), and *Dagon* (1968). These novels earned him the 1971 *Prix de Meilleur des Lettres Etrangères* in France, where his writing had enormous impact. Chappell's other novels, which all involve moral crises woven over time and shifting memory, include: *The Gaudy Place* (1973), *I Am One of You Forever* (1985), and *Brighten the Corner Where You Are* (1989). *Moments of Light* (1980) and *More Shapes Than One* (1991) are two of his volumes of short stories, for which he has been cited five times in *Best American Short Stories*.

Although his first book of verse, *The World Between the Eyes*, was not published until 1971, Chappell has always been a prolific poet. He wrote a series of book-length poems containing both biographical and fictional elements (*River, Bloodfire, Wind Mountain,* and *Earthsleep*), which were published together as *Midquest* in 1981. His other books of verse include: *Castle Tzingal* (1984), *Source* (1985), *First and Last Words* (1989), and *C* (1992). Chappell received the Bollingen Prize in Poetry in 1985. He currently teaches writing at the University of North Carolina in Greensboro.

Eugene Dominick Genovese is widely regarded as America's foremost authority on the history of slavery in America. Born in Brooklyn in 1930, Genovese is the author of *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made* (1974), for which he received the Bancroft Prize, the Frederick G. Meltzer Award, and the Ainsley-Wolfe Award. *Roll, Jordan, Roll* was also recognized by the *New York Times* as one of the ten best books of 1974. For such other works as *The Southern Tradition* (1994), *The Slaveholders' Dilemma* (1991), *From Rebellion to Revolution: Afro-American Slave Revolts in the Making of the Modern World* (1979), *In Red and Black: Marxian Explorations in Southern and Afro-American History* (1971), *The World the Slaveholders Made* (1969), and *The Political Economy of Slavery* (1965) Genovese has earned his reputation as "ruthlessly honest" and free of ideological cant.

From 1969 to 1990, Genovese was a professor of history and distinguished professor of arts and sciences at the University of Rochester. He has held teaching positions at Sir George Williams

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University and Rutgers University, as well as visiting professorships at the University of Michigan Law School, the College of William and Mary, Tulane University, Cambridge University, Yale University, and Columbia University. Since 1990, he has been Distinguished Scholar-in-Residence at the University Center in Georgia.

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* * *

As for other news, David R. Slavitt's translation of *The Fables of Avianus* is due out this fall from Johns Hopkins University Press. The complete work of this early fifth-century Roman writer, comprising 42 elegiac fables, has been rendered into contemporary English verse by the *Chronicles* contributor. Johns Hopkins University Press calls Slavitt's translation "splendid" and says this volume reveals Avianus as "a shrewd poet who can unmask hypocrisy and overcome adversity every bit as well as his savvy master Aesop."

We would also like to note that the date of the National Carrying Capacity Network conference announced in our September issue has been changed to November 5, 1993. For more information, contact Ed Lytwak at 800-466-4866.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

People of a Different Stripe

Precisely when it first occurred to Illinois Senator Carol Moseley-Braun to lay her traps for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and its iniquitous insignia containing the Confederate "Stars and Bars" we are not given to know, but certainly it was well before the senator, invariably described in the press as the "Senate's first black female member," splashed into American living rooms with her now-famous tantrum on the Senate floor last summer. As early as April, Mrs. Moseley-Braun, who had arrived in the Senate only a few months before, announced her intention to oppose renewal of the congressionally approved patent for the UDC insignia when the matter came before the Judiciary Committee. This announcement, like most of what issues from Mrs. Moseley-Braun's lips, generally passed unnoticed, though some Southerners and not a few Northerners who care about their country's history tried to sound the alarm that mischief was afoot.

By late July, the mischief was up and galloping. Sometime in the spring, the committee yielded to Mrs. Moseley-Braun's unique blend of threat, whine, and smear and voted overwhelmingly not to renew the patent for the insignia that had received unanimous and noncontroversial assent in every Congress that had considered it since 1898. That would have been the end of the matter, had not Senators Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms contrived in July to offer an amendment to slip the patent through. As in the days of yore, their amendment passed, but then someone alerted the First Black Female Member of the Senate, who perched herself in the path of the legislation and once again began to emit her characteristic noise.

In what the *Washington Post* the next day described as "a speech bristling with outrage," Mrs. Moseley-Braun, whose "voice was eloquent and angry," denounced and insulted the flag, the Confederacy, the UDC, the senators who proposed the amendment, the senators who supported the amendment, the senators who opposed the amendment, and the Senate itself. Finally, after consuming an inordinate amount of time that could have been used for raising taxes, declaring war on harmless countries, or swelling the belly of the state, the Senate, like the committee earlier, yielded to her imprecations and by a vote of 75 to 25 undid what it had just done by defeating the Thurmond-Helms amendment.

Whatever "anger," "outrage," or "eloquence" the First Black Female Member of the Senate evinced, it cannot be said that she exhibited much command of elementary logic, nor was the conduct of her senatorial colleagues much better. It was her argument that for the Senate to grant a patent to a seal that contained a depiction of the Confederate flag was to give what she called an "imprimatur" to racism. Since the Confederacy was itself racist, its flag was and is a symbol of racism, and therefore anyone who displays the flag or uses it as a symbol at all is also a racist, as is anyone who votes for a patent for a seal that uses the flag. This line of reasoning set off a predictable chain reaction of senators professing their own abhorrence of racism, the most ridiculous and repellent link in the chain being the ponderous Howell Heflin of Alabama, who waddled forward to bleat about his own Confederate ancestors and how today they would certainly join him in voting against the UDC patent. Not to be outdone, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan managed to remain sober long enough during the debate to lisp that "for the Senate to endorse it [the Confederate flag] is something I do not think we had any idea we were capable of." That, of course, was a bald-faced lie, since Mr. Moynihan knew very well that the UDC patent comes up for renewal every 14 years and has been unanimously "endorsed" by the Senate, *including him*, each and every time.

There seems to have been little or no challenge to the premise of Mrs. Moseley-Braun's argument that the Confederacy was racist. It might have been interesting, did we possess senators capable

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of debating that or any other postulate, to hear some back-and-forth on this. Not only might it have illuminated our contemporary understanding of what the Civil War means but it might even have yielded some definition of the now-vacuous term "racism." But, barring that, the senators who voted for the flag amendment might also have explored other aspects of the issue. Mrs. Moseley-Braun herself, for example, represents a state that in 1848 adopted, by a popular vote of two-to-one, an amendment to its constitution to forbid any free blacks from entering its territory, and for all I know today's Illinois state flag is the same one that graced the Land of Lincoln at that time as well as a decade later, when the state's foremost political figures sallied up and down its length professing their commitment to white supremacy. It would be of no small interest to know what Mrs. Moseley-Braun has done or plans to do to rid Illinois of its racist heritage and its continuing imprimatur of such explicit symbols of racism as Mr. Lincoln and his cult.

Then there is the small matter of the American flag, which, no less than the Stars and Bars, flapped over a nation that not only tolerated slavery but extended the protection of federal laws to the slave trade and slave owners. Mrs. Moseley-Braun, were she calm enough, might respond that the American flag stood and stands for other things besides the protection of slavery, but so, for that matter, did the Confederate flag, a concept she does not appear to be able to entertain with equanimity. By her own logic, she ought to burst into hysterics every time she spies Old Glory waving over the Capitol, and indeed, perhaps she does.

The Senate's patent for the UDC insignia, however, was never intended to be an endorsement of the Confederacy or even of its flag. It was an endorsement of the UDC. Opponents of the patent pointed out, correctly, that the UDC could protect its insignia by instruments other than the rather unusual means of a congressional resolution. So it can, but the special senatorial "endorsement" of the UDC has historically been intended to express the gratitude of the federal government to a private organization that has donated to the American people untold millions of dollars in Civil War memorials and monuments, land for public parks, scholarships, work in veterans hospitals, and charitable services generally. As some defenders of the UDC and its patent suggest, maybe the Daughters should start asking for their contributions back, or maybe they should stop offering them. There is no reason why they should continue to bear the burden of their charities when all they receive for their labor are insults from the human refuse of the Senate.

Yet despite the ignorance, hypocrisy, ingratitude, mendacity, and cowardice exhibited by most of the senators, and despite the fanaticism and self-obsession revealed by the First Black Female Member of the Senate, Mrs. Moseley-Braun has one point in her favor. Unlike most of her colleagues, she understands the value and meaning of symbolism to the identity of a nation—that is why she chose to make such a fuss about a "mere" symbol in the first place—and it is precisely because she does understand it while many of her colleagues do not that the fuss she made represents something important. What it represents is the first wave of assault on the national identity as most Americans have historically understood it, and unless the kind of attack she mounted is repulsed and the social forces behind it reversed, the Confederate flag will be only the first casualty in the cultural war she and her allies are waging.

One who perceives the real meaning of Mrs. Moseley-Braun's assault is Jonathan Yardley, book review editor and columnist at the *Washington Post*, who expatiated on the meaning of it all a few days after the First Black Female Member of the Senate's outburst. Mr. Yardley is himself a Southerner of the tribe that advances itself by making certain the enemies of the South know he's on their side. There was a name for this tribe in the days of Reconstruction and even a means of dealing with it properly, but sadly those times are done. Mr. Yardley seized the occasion of the flap over the flag to make sure his bosses at the *Post* and his readers within the Beltway knew what he thought of the UDC, the flag, and those who came to their defense.

"The day has long since passed," he wrote, "when the UDC had the power to inject its genteel poison into the communal bloodstream. It now limps toward the end of the millennium a mere shade of its former self, the object of little except ridicule and neglect in all save those outposts of small-town Southern insularity in which it has always found a gentle welcome . . . the UDC is little more than a foolish relic of a past by now so distant as to seem prehistoric." So visible is Mr. Yardley's personal resentment at the symbols of the old Southern class system that it's fairly easy to guess in which corner of the barnyard his own forebears disported themselves. The ladies of the UDC, he sneers, "for far too long have enjoyed the favor of the U.S. government," and they "must now look for a new image with which to adorn their scented letterheads and lace doilies; in their present mood, a violated maiden recumbent upon a bed of straw, with Atlanta afire in the background, might be appropriate." Actually, burning cities and raped women would be more appropriate symbols of the present-day United States that Mr. Yardley prefers than they are of the Old South, which, for all its flaws of romanticism, generally understood how to prevent such things.

Mr. Yardley writes about the UDC like a blackballed freshman would write about the fraternities that declined the pleasure of his company. Yet whatever it is in his psyche or personal background that leads him to spit his own poison about a charitable organization that is at worst harmless and at best a generous source of historical, educational, and philanthropic service, Mr. Yardley correctly grasped the historic meaning of the First Black Female Member of the Senate's onslaught.

"The election of 1992," he writes, "changed the Senate—and, by extension, American politics—in ways we can only now begin to understand . . . . The old boys' club is breaking up, not merely the boys' club of the Senate but the boys' club of leadership and power. What is most significant about the election of Carol Moseley-Braun, Ben Nighthorse Campbell, Patty Murray and others in the Class of '92 isn't that they are politicians of a different stripe but that they are people of a different stripe. They speak for backgrounds and experiences that until now have been quite unknown—and thus unrepresented—in the halls of power; inevitably, this will change the way business is done in those halls."

Precisely. What we are seeing in the UDC episode is the first evidence at the level of the national government of the demographic changes and their cultural consequences that American society is experiencing and will continue to experience. Those changes, the direct result of a rising nonwhite birth rate reinforced

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by massive immigration from non-Western societies, will, as Mr. Yardley perceives, "inevitably" change the way business is done in this country, and not just in the Senate. The change is inevitable because it is inconceivable that people who are not, and whose ancestors were not, part of the historic defining core of the American nation will adopt the same norms, values, and beliefs and adhere to and respect the same political and social institutions that that core supported, and neither will they embrace the same symbols.

As the historic nucleus of American civilization finds itself overwhelmed numerically—indeed, well before it is overwhelmed numerically—it will find that it can no longer elect political leadership willing and able to offer the protection and sanctions of the state to the norms and symbols that define its civilization. It will find that new leaders, more representative of the new demographic composition of the nation, will seek to redefine the norms and institutions of American life and that they will not hesitate to use political power to do so, and the only response that the new leadership will offer the older norms and institutions is exactly the one offered by Mrs. Moseley-Braun to the Confederate flag. In short, when the country is composed of Mr. Yardley's "people of a different stripe," it will be a country of a different stripe, and the Confederate flag is merely the first symbol of the "racist" and "repressive" old civilization to be struck from the mast.

As the Census Bureau has shown in a recent report, within 60 years the majority of the American population will no longer be white. By that time, the change will certainly have been completed so far as the old American civilization is concerned, but we probably will not have to wait that long to witness it. One reason we won't is that the revolution will enjoy the active assistance of renegades like Senators Heflin and Moynihan and Mr. Yardley. They will not only welcome the revolution but will eagerly seek to clamber onto its back, and, as Mr. Yardley's own column about the UDC suggests, they will be among the first to help the enemies of the old civilization round up and hunt down the dwindling number of Americans who defend it.

Of course, they may not succeed in this tactic. If the demise of American civilization through racial and cultural revolution is already apparent on our horizon, in South Africa it has nearly arrived. Last summer, just about the time Mrs. Moseley-Braun was blubbering about the Confederate flag, some 12 white churchgoers in an affluent suburb of Capetown were butchered by a gang of black terrorists. The church was Anglican, which has been one of the most adamant foes of apartheid, and its congregation was racially mixed, a rarity in that country. Not for the first time in history the apostles of progress were among the first of its victims, and the same pattern can be expected to occur in this country as our own apostles of "inevitable" change see their prophecies come to life.

Yet the revolution Mr. Yardley perceives and welcomes is "inevitable" only if its demographic and ideological premises are granted. I happen to subscribe to the quaint belief that it remains possible for Americans who do not welcome the revolution to challenge and reverse those premises. But to do so would require more than congressional resolutions and more than the monuments and memorials the Confederate Daughters so generously bequeath. As to whether the historic core of American civilization understands what would be required and whether it can still muster the strength to undertake it, I make no prediction. ·c·

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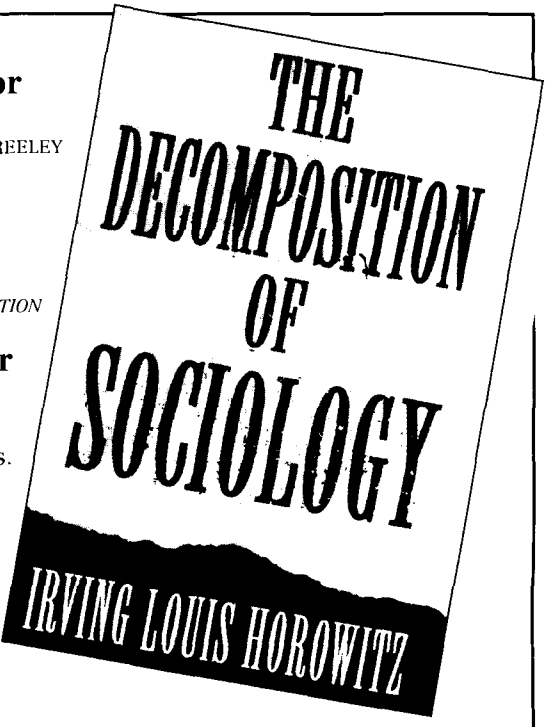

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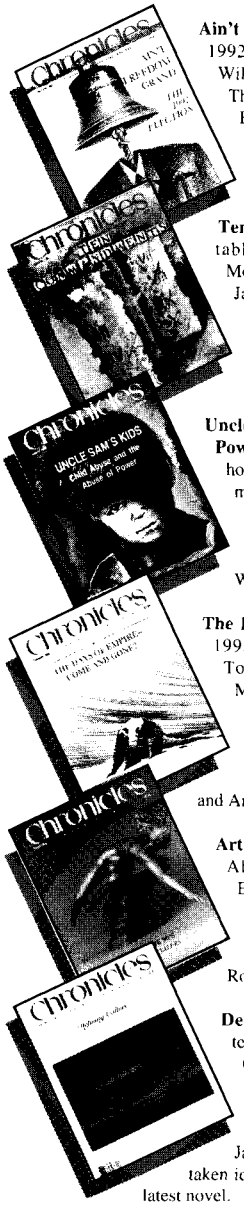


Ain't Freedom Grand: The 1992 Election—November 1992—Donald Warren on the empty voting booth, William J. Quirk on the unrepresented middle class, Thomas Fleming on the Electoral College, James S. Fishkin on deliberative polling, and Samuel Francis on the passivity of the electorate. Plus Theodore Pappas on Martin Luther King, Jr.'s early plagiarisms.

Ten Commandments—December 1992—A round-table discussion on the Decalogue—by Thomas Molnar, Gary North, F.W. Brownlow, Allan Carlson, Jacob Neusner, Theodore Pappas, Murray Rothbard, E. Christian Kopff, Harold O.J. Brown, and George Garrett. Plus Philip Jenkins on the panic over priestly pedophilia and Sally Wright on Malcolm Muggeridge.

Uncle Sam's Kids: Child Abuse and the Abuse of Power—January 1993—Allan Carlson on the parenthood of the state, Thomas Fleming on the tragedy of making children common property, Philip Jenkins on the "Believe the Children" ideology, and William N. Grigg on a case of abuse in Lehi, Utah. Plus Samuel Francis's response to William Buckley's "In Search of Anti-Semitism."

The Days of Empire—Come and Gone?—February 1993—F.W. Brownlow on American imperialism, Tomislav Sunic on Europe's New Right, Mihajlo Mihajov on the future of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, and Richard Vedder and Lowell Gallaway on the importance of the invisible hand in the post-Cold War era. Plus Thomas Fleming on what America can learn from Italy and Andrei Navrozov on the contagion of totalitarianism.

Art in the 90's: Visions and Values—March 1993—Alexandra York on Romantic Realism, Mary Elizabeth Podles and Leon J. Podles on politically incorrect cartoons, and Thomas Fleming on museums as warehouses of art. Plus Alan R. Turin on the unreported story of Hurricane Andrew and Robert Knight's encounter with Queer Nation.

Defining Culture—April 1993—Speeches on the tenth presentation of the Ingersoll Prizes: Edson L. Gaylord's "Observations After Ten Years," Muriel Spark on "Living With Culture," and Walter Burkert on the "Classics—Past Ideology and Persistent Reality." Plus John B. Thompson on Janet Reno, Jeffrey A. Tucker on Jack Kemp's mistaken identity, and an excerpt from Chilton Williamson's latest novel.

Who Owns America?—May 1993—Charles Lewis on the impact of foreign lobbyists in Washington, Pat Choate on Japan's influence on American trade, Arthur E. Rowse on the buying of American foreign policy, and Alfred E. Eckes on influence-peddling as an age-old art. Plus Bill Kauffman on who owned Hollywood in the 1930's and Russ Braley on the revolving door between government and journalism.

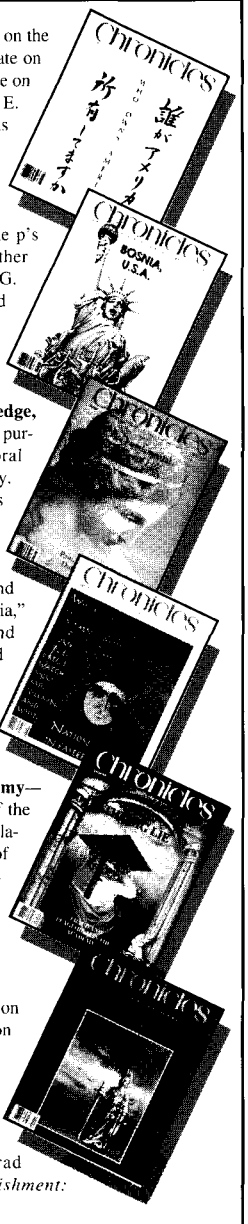
Bosnia, U.S.A.—June 1993—Garrett Hardin on the p's and q's of immigration, Peter Brimelow on whether America can survive an open-border policy, Claes G. Ryn on the Balkanization of American culture, and Paul Gottfried on the therapeutic politics of never saying no. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part I."

The Fundamental Things of Life: Pain, Knowledge, Duty, and Sex—July 1993—Patrick Reilly on the purpose of pain, George Watson on combating moral skepticism, and John Lofton on sex and the military. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part II."

Nationalism in Eastern Europe—August 1993—Thomas Fleming on his visit to Serbia and Bosnia, Tomislav Sunic on the myth of "Yugoslavia," Wayne Allensworth on Russia's new right, and Alexander Yanov on Vladimir Zhirinovsky and Russia's far-right opposition. Plus Philip Jenkins on the Croatian terrorist network and Chilton Williamson's review of George and Douglas Ball's *The Passionate Attachment.*

The Big Lie: Fraud and Plagiarism in the Academy—September 1993—Jack D. Douglas on the myths of the social sciences, E. Christian Kopff on perjury and plagiarism, and Marcel C. LaFollette on the politics of scientific fraud. Plus Chilton Williamson, Jr.'s review of William Holtz's *The Ghost in the Little House: A Life of Rose Wilder Lane*, Ingrid D. Rowland on fake art, and Theodore Pappas on redefining plagiarism.

Revolutions in Law—October 1993—Jared Taylor on the revolution in civil rights law, Philip Jenkins on the feminist legal revolution, Bruce W. Burton on the line item veto, and Greg Kaye on the war against Joe Occhipinti. Plus Thomas Fleming on the tyranny of human rights, Egon Richard Tausch on the revolution in Waco, and Chilton Williamson's review of Joseph Conti and Brad Stetson's *Challenging the Civil Rights Establishment: Profiles of a New Black Vanguard.*



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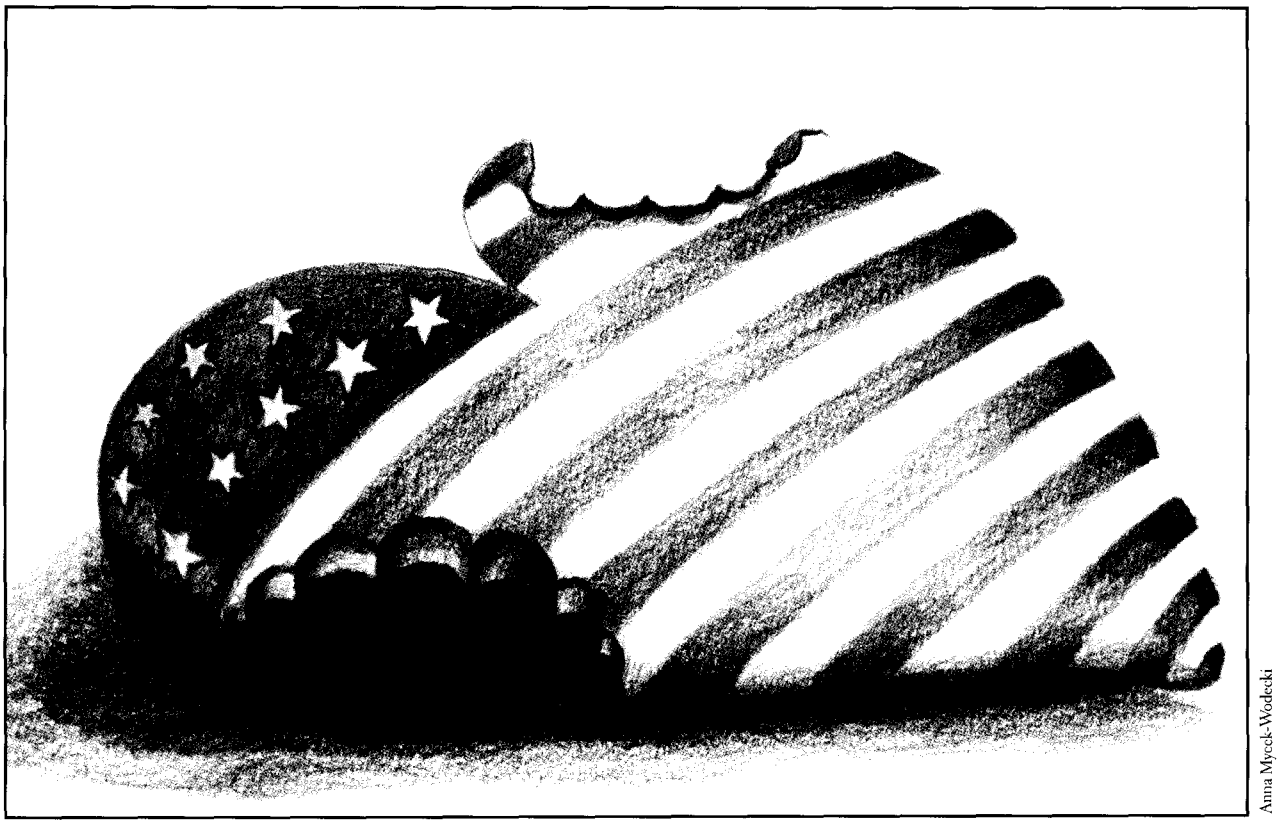

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Italian Lessons

by Thomas Fleming

"*Una Gaffe su Ciampi all'apertura del G-7*" ran the headline in *Corriere della Sera*. Italy's pro-Clinton "newspaper of record" went on to describe how the American President greeted Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the Italian prime minister, when they met at the Tokyo economic summit: "Good morning President Skahlfahroh," apparently confusing the prime minister (the president of the council) with President Scalfaro, whose name he mispronounced. Bad staff work is the explanation given.

It was an embarrassing moment for Prime Minister Ciampi, but in his life of public service he must have met lots of American business and political leaders who think Andreotti is a driver who races at Indianapolis and who cannot name a French President since Charles de Gaulle. Besides, what recent American Presidents have been able to pronounce (much less speak) any foreign language? Jack "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" Kennedy? Jimmy "I studied Spanish" Carter? Bill "I was a Rhodes Scholar" Clinton (or is it Clin*tone*?) has enough trouble with English. James Garfield, among the least of American Presidents, could compose Greek and Latin simultaneously with different hands. The state of our current leadership is exemplified by Senator Edward Kennedy, who, despite all the influence and advantages his father's ill-gotten wealth could buy, was expelled from Harvard for cheating on a *Spanish* exam.

Who cares, some of my readers will ask. Several of them wrote kind letters asking if all our coverage of Yugoslavia was not a volte-face for an isolationist magazine. I will not quibble over the "isolationist," although I believe we are the opposite of that, but isolation is not the same as ignorance, and if we believe that the United States should not imprudently interfere in the relations of other sovereign states, it does not mean that we should ignore them. America only makes sense as a province of Europe, albeit a province that became the center, and as we begin to lose contact with our European cousins, living as well as dead, we begin to get ingrown and strange, like an incestuous mountain village where all the children are born with six toes and two-figure IQ's. Cut off from our roots, we develop tastes for paleolithic rap and oriental gibberish.

One of the signs that we are still provincial is the alacrity with which Americans leap at outdated foreign fads. The time was when Europeans all excoriated the United States for its failure to provide cradle-to-the-grave health care and social services. Now, at last, when the French and the Germans and the Swedes have begun to realize the devastating costs of their welfare systems, we are about to repeat their mistakes, even though our comparatively lower welfare costs constitute the most important competitive advantage we have in the international marketplace.

The point Europeans used to score against us was American nationalism or chauvinism, symbolized by efforts to promote

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American business interests and to restrict immigration. Now, just when the French, the Italians, the Germans, and even the Swedes are beginning to rouse from their internationalist slumbers and recognize themselves as peoples with historical identities and particular interests, Americans are, as the pop psychologists like to say, "heavy into denial."

Our Southern border is one long bleeding wound, leaking jobs and letting in an infection of welfare-seeking immigrants. When Democrats like Eugene McCarthy and Gaylord Nelson warn against the effects of unrestricted immigration, the Republicans do not even look up: they are too busy negotiating NAFTA side agreements that give privileges to their multinational campaign contributors.

We Americans have always been slow learners; it is one of our virtues. Roosevelt came to power ten years after Mussolini, and the American New Dealers, although they were vastly more destructive, did not have one-tenth of the originality and intelligence of the Italian fascists they were attempting to imitate, and now, as the French are redefining citizenship, the Germans are repealing their amnesty laws, and the Italians are rediscovering the real meaning of federalism, we are stuck in the same old rut where Roosevelt bogged us down, and we are enlisting more and more of our citizens in slave labor gangs to push the wagon forward, inch by inch, into the New World Order of managed competition and international socialism.

The political movements breaking out in Europe are variously described as nationalist and regionalist, but neither description is accurate. What connects French and German nationalists with the Italians in the Lega Nord is a rediscovered ethnic identity that is both natural and historic. Nationalism, a term that we have been using for want of a better word, is more properly applied to a political ideology that did not really emerge before the end of the 18th century. Unleashed by the French Revolution, the nationalist impulse spread rapidly under Jacobin rule. As French nationalist armies swept across Europe, they incited—both by their ideology and by their depredations—other peoples to discover their own nationalisms. The Italian flag, for example, is simply the French republican flag with a color substitution—as Umberto Bossi, head of the Lega Nord, incautiously observed a few years ago.

Mystical concepts of "the nation" and "the general will," however dear they were to crackpots from Rousseau to Fichte, must also be seen as a partly wholesome response to the desiccated universalisms of the Enlightenment. In this sense Burke's defense of England puts him closer to Romantic nationalists than to the universal rationalism of the Enlightenment. And today, even when demonstrations against the New World Order take on a nationalist overtone—as in the case of Le Pen's *Front National*, we should not waste too much time deploring its Jacobin roots but rather welcome the implications. As one French Catholic rightist—decidedly not a Le Pen follower—told me last year, every good Frenchman really ought to support the efforts of the *Front National*.

There is, as yet, no American counterpart to these European movements. American public understanding of the national interest is retarded by the corruption of our political leadership and by the stupidity of the press. Our inability to grasp what is at stake can best be seen in the debate over the North American Free Trade Agreement. The editors of the *Wall Street Journal* pretend that NAFTA is a trade issue, and some of their readers are just obtuse enough to believe them, and so the argument goes back and forth between protectionists and free-traders, each side paid off by the business and labor interests who stand most to gain or lose by the agreement.

Ross Perot knows—as he always seems to know—that NAFTA is the political event of the decade, but he is just beginning to catch on that the loss of American jobs is a minor issue compared with the fact that America's economic elite not only does not care if NAFTA sends jobs to Mexico—but that the whole point is to send jobs to Mexico.

American public understanding of the national interest is retarded by the corruption of our political leadership and by the stupidity of the press.

To lower the price of labor, our business leaders are willing to sell out not just the working class but the country itself. Where others see crisis, big business sees only opportunities. Is California swamped with illegal aliens? Good, illegals work cheap. Are divorce and feminism tearing the American family apart? Wonderful, they'll eat out more, and women work cheap. Will NAFTA encourage companies to relocate factories to Mexico? Terrific, there's no environmental regulation, and—as Hyman Roth would say—"these people down here really understand business"; in fact, the Mexican upper classes run their government as a for-profit business. Besides, Mexicans work cheap.

Exceptio—as usual—*probat regulum*, since Patrick Buchanan is the one American political figure who has flatly declared that the issue is sovereignty and not trade. When adopted, NAFTA will supersede both federal and state laws, and each signatory will be bound to "ensure that all necessary measures are taken in order to give effect to the provisions of this Agreement, including their observance, except as otherwise provided in this Agreement, by state and provincial governments." Ross Perot and Pat Choate, in their book *Save Your Job, Save Our Country*, point out that NAFTA not only requires us to change our laws but it also "gives Mexico and Canada the right to challenge the legality of our federal, state, and local laws as illegal trade barriers." The London *Sunday Telegraph*'s Washington correspondent, Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, wonders if there is a parallel between NAFTA and the postwar European tariff agreements that culminated in Maastricht. A United States of North and South America might make even world government look like a good idea.

Mr. Buchanan was attacked by the *Washington Post* for using an "illegitimate" argument. But the same administration that is pushing NAFTA has also threatened to submit more and more American soldiers to U.N. control, and Mr. Clinton's predecessor, who was if anything even more enthusiastic for NAFTA, tipped his hand in calling for a New World Order and fired the opening shots against all national sovereignties in what will some day be known as the Gulf Massacre.

On the important issues of national survival, the only real difference between Bush and Clinton is Clinton's youth and in-

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eptitude, which make him more prone to stumble every time he tries to climb upon the world's stage, and all things considered it is probably a good thing he won the election, since the quicker the crisis arrives, the more likely we shall be to survive it.

Patrick Buchanan fears, quite rightly, that the Republicans are handing the NAFTA issue to Ross Perot, and he has criticized both Bob Dole and Jack Kemp in a speech that could be the opening shot of the 1996 presidential campaign. For the rest of the decade, the most important issues are all nationalist: immigration that threatens to change the character of the nation; trade measures that sell out American workers to multinational business; multilateral treaties and international organizations (the U.N. COMINTERN) that undermine national sovereignty.

These are the issues on which Mr. Buchanan based his "America First" campaign of 1992, but the time was not then ripe for a nationalist crusade, and although it is still too early to make any accurate predictions, one can see, already, the political lines of force that are about to split open the parties and coalitions. Here is the evidence.

Item one: the enduring success of Ross Perot in appealing to large numbers of disaffected Americans. What is most significant about Perot is that rather than toning down the nationalist note in his sermons, he has amplified and sharpened it. I am writing the week before Labor Day, which Mr. Perot has designated as the day on which he will launch his counterattack against NAFTA.

Item two: the disarray of the political parties, who cannot keep their factions in line. The cowardly and unscrupulous Richard Gephardt continues to challenge the Democratic leadership on NAFTA, and if it were anyone but Gephardt, one might be tempted to ascribe his persistence to principle. Gephardt might be wrong, but he must be calculating on the unpopularity of NAFTA to propel him, at the least, into the Speaker's chair, and maybe even into the White House.

Item three: California. All three of California's leading political figures have begun to talk about nationalist issues. All my life I have been hearing that California is America's future, that some day we shall all be deracinated consumers living in developments that are neither neighborhoods nor communities, forming households without marriage, and worshiping in churches whose only faith is in the future and whose only doctrine is self-satisfaction.

California's current troubles are a paradigm for the rest of the nation: high taxes driving employers out of state, an influx of aliens that is overburdening the state's prisons, swelling its welfare rolls, and turning its schools into a multicultural Babel. Dianne Feinstein, California's liberal pragmatist senator, recently went to the border to deliver this simple message: the United States can no longer afford to be Mexico's welfare system. She could be the first woman President.

Throughout her career, Feinstein has been a political realist, and her conversion is not too surprising, especially since the struggle to control immigration has been led by such pragmatist Democrats as Dick Lamm. What is more surprising is the rapid evolution of Governor Pete Wilson from liberal Republican to an arch-nationalist who wants to stanch the flow of immigrants. Wilson has even adopted the position that the children of illegal immigrants should not be made citizens. This is cutting-edge nationalism—German law and now French policy—but it is rarely seen in the United States outside the pages of *Chronicles*. If Dianne Feinstein ever does run for President, it is just possible she will be opposed by Pete Wilson—if his newborn nationalism is enough to get him reelected governor.

If NAFTA passes, as it probably will, that may well prove to be a good thing in the long run. As the American economy goes sour, more and more of what we used to call Reagan Democrats will blame both Clinton and the Rockefeller-Ford-Bush-Dole Republicans for the hard times, and NAFTA will be the symbolic act of betrayal, around which a nationalist political movement will be organized. People may begin to equate their own hard times with American boys dying in Somalia and with the national humiliation we shall inevitably be suffering as sovereignty oozes out of the United States and into the United Nations.

How big such a movement will be and who will jump on board and try to steer it, is anybody's guess. However, there is a parallel we might look to for hints of things to come. When Jimmy Carter decided to ratify the Panama Canal treaty, he had the support of the leadership of both parties and the endorsement of the multinational corporations, the big unions, and the major media outlets, but it was the last straw for Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, and Paul Weyrich, the leaders of the New Right coalition that changed, for a time, the complexion of the Republican Party and put Ronald Reagan in the White House.

As things turned out, they might have saved their energy, but the New Right established a number of "conservative" themes that will not go away, and the most important of these themes is the conjunction of Christian populism—life issues, textbook and school battles, pornography—with nationalist foreign policy. The reaction of the conservative establishment was a mixture of opportunism and contempt. New Right leaders proved they could get candidates elected and galvanize popular protest, but they refused, at least at first, to kowtow to the billionaires who owned the Republican Party. The symbolic leader of the conservative movement was, at that time, William F. Buckley, whom some of our readers will remember as a witty polemicist in his youth, a sort of Rush Limbaugh with a Yale B.A. When Patrick Buchanan was writing that the Panama Canal was "the right issue at the right time in the right place to say, 'Thus far and no farther,'" Mr. Buckley took the lead in supporting the giveaway.

Some of Buckley's reasons were sound—the canal was a potent symbol of American colonialism and a source of our unpopularity in Latin America, but what he could not understand (and never will) is the American character. Even those of us who opposed American colonialism were irritated by the ease with which a communist thug was able to bully the United States into giving up a piece of strategic real estate. Some of us might have been willing to give the whole country back to Colombia, from whom we stole it—but to surrender it for some vague principle of internationalism was a shameful act of cowardice, no matter how "just," that is expedient, it might have seemed in the eyes of the international business community.

The Republican elite, which includes most Manhattan conservative leaders, was challenged by the 70's New Right, and they are still going about the business of selling their country to the highest international bidder. The editors of *National Review* and the *Wall Street Journal* are wildly enthusiastic for

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NAFTA, but this time around they do not even have the excuse of international communism. Like the old internationalists who were willing to betray their country for the sake of an ideology, these new internationalists—that is, those who are not simple opportunists—are ideologues who, in the name of free trade and international order, are eager to throw young Americans out of work and into a U.N. peace-keeping force to make the world safe for the *Fortune* 500, and they are the proper object of the popular outrage that is so far confined to venting itself on radio talk shows and Perot love-ins.

Here is the best scenario that we can hope for, that is those of us who love our country. If Clinton can continue to drive this country down at the same brisk rate with which he has begun his administration, and if the Republican internationalists continue to support his efforts to erase the border between the United States and Mexico, then we can expect an upsurge of popular nationalism that will reform or destroy both political parties. The Italians are, as usual, way ahead of us. They were the first country to go national-socialist back in the 20's; they were the first country to ship immigrants *en masse* back where they came from; they are the home of the first articulate movement that aims at breaking up a modern state; and nearly 50 years ago, when one of their leaders sold out his country to a foreign power (Germany) and an internationalist ideology (Nazism), he found himself hanging upside-down from a window with his female accomplice, spat upon by a jeering crowd. c

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Prayers for Jacob Wetterling

Abducted on October 22, 1989, St. Joseph, Minnesota

by Jane Greer

The mirror dwells on the damage done.
You, always your mother's son,
your father's, a grinning, comely, brash
boychild, teasing brother, a wish
away from twelve, bright as a penny,
smart as a whip, as normal as any
other normal child, wild tangle
of happy clichés, unruly angel,
too much (for comfort) like my own child,
are now forever eleven, a cold
descriptive specter: *five feet tall,*
seventy-five pounds, one perfect mole
on the left cheek, brown hair, blue eyes,
Nike high-top tennis shoes,
red hockey jacket, orange vest,
blue sweat pants. And so you twist—
unchanged, unnatural, ungrown—
on dwindling notices in the wind.

That first Christmas we prayed you home—
we all did—how we wished you'd slam
your kitchen door (o, to recall
my petty rage from down the hall
when my son slams doors is worst of all!)—
we wished you'd slam the door and stamp
snow from your boots, and toss your damp
parka upon its hook, calling
hey mom and *what's for supper.* Look,
child: they have begun to balance:
our obstinacy and your silence.

Later we prayed you were somewhere else,
doing math, discovering girls,
making the team, going home to—what?
That part didn't bear much thought.
We watched the sordid docudramas
about those other boys whose promise
disappeared before your taking.
And sometimes, Jacob, sleeping, waking,
thinking of how that nameless man
forced you to shudder behind his van,
there at the Mini-Mart, face down,
you and your brother and your friend,
and shone his flashlight on your faces,
and liked yours best—so help me Jesus,
sometimes—I'll tell you something bad—
sometimes, Jacob, we prayed you dead.

But now the Minnesota winter
grinds at our bones, and our breath's vapor
clarifies into panes of ice.
Three years later, we've made our peace—
or not—with how you fade and crumble
on all those posters, how you resemble
nothing so much as our own past:
wasted, stolen, hurt, dim, lost.
Nearly (but not quite yet) resigned
to what we fear, still we unbind you
from the cold burden of our terror.
Rise to whatever grace is yours,
do what you can with what you have,
inventive boy, wherever you live:
we let you go but hold your name,
Jacob, Jacob, beautiful son,
lost child, lost childhood of us all.
We pound the gates of Heaven and Hell
as we grow older, quieter, grayer,
holding your name in our fists of prayer.

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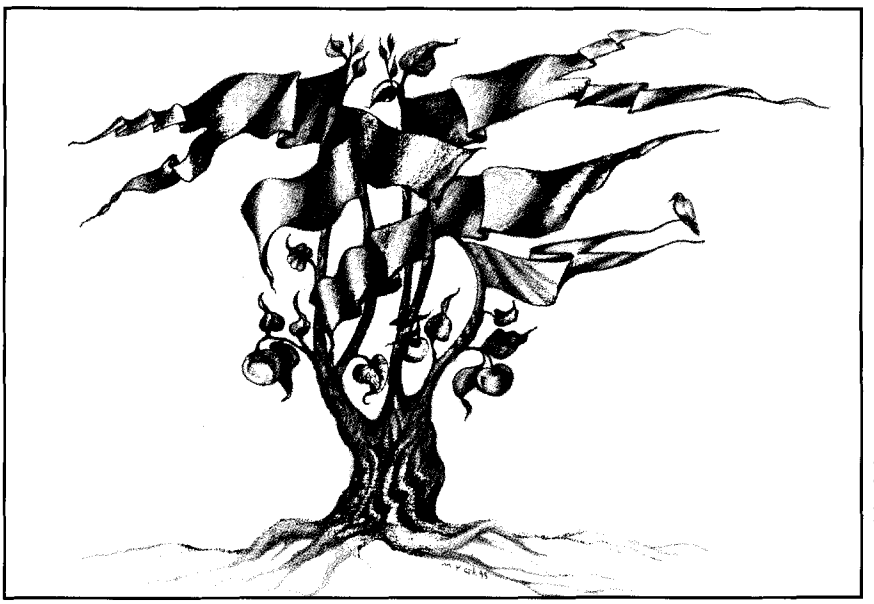
Commentary on the Gallic Culture War

by E. Christian Kopff



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

When the right took over control of the French Assembly this spring, with an enormous majority, they left economic matters in the hands of Prime Minister Eduard Balladur and proceeded to rewrite the French code of nationality and to restrict severely naturalization and asylum, responding to the desires of the vast majority of French citizens, native born and naturalized. It is hard for an American to grasp the significance of such an action. We live in a country run by judges and bureaucrats. Our elections are shams aimed at replacing Tweedledee with Tweedledum, or, in the case of presidential elections, with Tweedledumber. Bush was elected to continue the policies of the Reagan years: he sabotaged them. Blythe *alias* Clinton promised to change Bush's policies; from tax-raising to saber-rattling, he has continued them. The American power elite takes its greatest pleasure in frustrating the committed will of the American people on issues from the death penalty to immigration reform. A subject of the regime that rules America can only marvel at a country where, when the voters change the ruling parties, the politicians respond to their will.

As important as the reminder that voting and self-government can function among an educated and responsible people are the reasons for the change. The nations of Europe represent distinct cultural and anthropological unities, characterized by traditions of language, law, art, and humane and physical science. Even within countries such as France and Italy, to move from area to area is to meet different wines, cheeses, and accents, each distinctive of its native region. Although these differences are in one sense natural, in another sense they must be maintained by conscious and willed human action, just as a healthy body is in one sense natural but will not stay healthy unless the mind at the top of the body makes wise and self-controlled decisions about food and exercise.

The French have long known this about language. There are laws, hardly enforced in a draconian fashion but on the books, which restrict the amount of foreign words used in advertising. The French Academy is conscious of its obligation to maintain standards in the quality of the French language. There is no question of maintaining a changeless French tongue, just as proper diet and exercise do not keep a body from aging. I have heard entire Nike commercials with every word in English. Many good French words in common use 20 years ago have been replaced by an American equivalent. The standards for serious writing and public discourse in newspapers and books of fiction and nonfiction have still, however, been maintained.

The contrast with the United States is again significant. When ordinary people are asked man-in-the-street type questions on the French news, they respond quickly, articulately, and fluently in idiomatic French. It is painful to watch the inhabitants of North America respond in such situations. They stutter, hum and haw, and end up mumbling an ungrammatical morass of clichés. I saw one man search his mind for ten seconds for the word he wanted. "It doesn't happen, you know, not really, you know, like, often." It is not just ordinary Americans, of course. For four years, Americans had in George Bush a President who would not be ranked as a native speaker by the oral proficiency standards of the American Council on the teaching of Foreign Languages. The TV news anchor usually rated as most articulate and impressive, Peter Jennings, is a high school dropout from Canada. High school dropouts are ignoramuses, but in other countries they can speak their native tongues. American college graduates cannot.

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The differences can also be seen on higher levels. The recent book on education with the most impact in the United States was Allan Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind*. Bloom was known as an effective teacher with few or no scholarly credentials who argued for reading Plato and other classics in literal translations and for a return to an ordered, self-disciplined intellectual life. The comparable figure in France is Professor Jacqueline de Romilly of the French Academy, one of the world's greatest Thucydides scholars and an important student of Greek tragedy. Her best-selling books on education and on the history of ideas have presented a case for France to maintain the study of Greek language, literature, and culture as the source of European culture and its ideal of a free society, as indispensable for the survival of creativity and freedom. Her books, whether scholarly, popular, or fiction, are written with a deceptive clarity of language and structure. (She is also a delightful public speaker.) It is not just that there is a clear difference in quality of style and intellectual standards between their most popular educational writer and ours. Bloom lived in Paris and translated several important works of French political theory. He knew French intellectual life. (Similarly Orlando Patterson's *Freedom*, an academic best-seller, resembles Madame de Romilly's recent *Grèce à la découverte de la liberté*, but Patterson was not born and educated in the United States any more than Peter Jennings.)

Language and culture are integral parts of national identity. The public institutions of a nation have a duty to help preserve their integrity and standards. A massive intrusion of foreign words would muddy the vocabulary of a national language, although a slower introduction of new words and concepts helps to keep a language lively and vital. Language, culture, and customs live among citizens. A country's population may profit from the slow introduction of new stocks and new people, but will be overwhelmed by a massive and sudden invasion. The French people understand this and (from an American perspective, amazingly) so does the French government.

For a long time French citizenship has been governed by the *jus soli* or *droit de sol*. Anyone born on French soil was French. It is a policy well adapted to a monarchical or absolutist system, interested in maintaining control and expanding possession. It has traditionally not been found in republican constitutions, such as those of ancient Athens or modern Switzerland, where a commitment to the standards and ideals of the nation are essential for continuity. France is a republic with a long and distinguished centralizing, absolutist, and imperial past, but in recent years it has had to face the catastrophic results of *droit de sol*. Those born in Tunisia and *Algérie française* before their liberation could by *jus soli* claim French citizenship. Many Tunisians and Algerians preferred French citizenship for themselves or the possibility of claiming French citizenship for their (large) families over what liberation offered them. France found itself increasingly dragged down into an economic abyss by claims on the welfare system made by young foreigners and their families. Even those with no claim on French citizenship found that if they had children on French soil, those children were French and could provide the basis for a legal claim to stay in France for parents and other relatives.

As the Islamic portion of these immigrants began to reach a critical mass, the French discovered that Islam is not a form of personal piety but a culture rooted in race, language, and tradition. Islamic immigrants, while looking for the legal protection of French citizenship, were not interested in assimilating to the distinctive and demanding French way of life. This social trend became a reality to many Frenchmen when Islamic girls began to wear the veil, the *chador*, to public school. Opposition to the *chador* helped unite otherwise disparate French communities. For the conservative, it meant the rejection of the religion and way of life that, in a profound sense, was France. For the leftist, it revealed a deep-seated repudiation of the secularism and women's rights that were at the heart of the socialist agenda. How long could France survive as a creative community, if the fastest growing part of the nation was explicitly rejecting not only what France had been in the past, but the very terms of the debate about what France might become in the future?

Droit de sol had to go. The French senate voted against it two years ago and, with the triumph of the French rightist coalition in this spring's elections, its repudiation was virtually the first item on the agenda of a French conservatism determined not to blow its opportunities as it had in 1986. For France to survive as a culturally and scientifically creative community, committed to self-rule and economic prosperity, the traditions of what it meant to be French had to be put firmly into the hands of French citizens, not into the pullulating beds of the hungry and ignorant of other lands, people committed to a way of life radically different from that of Western Europe and willing to spread that way of life by means of reproduction and conversion.

Those born on French soil to those who are not French citizens are no longer automatically French. (They may, of course, apply for French citizenship when they reach maturity.) French mayors are given much greater authority to abort *mariages blancs*, phoney marriages for the sake of attaining citizenship. Spouses of French citizens must now wait two years before applying for citizenship. French authorities are guaranteed much greater leeway in checking residency papers. There are many other details, not so important in themselves as in what they say about the determination of the French government to obey the will of the French people to maintain the coherence and integrity of French citizenship and the French nation.

There is a message here for the United States. The major economic players in the world, Japan, Germany, Switzerland, and now France, are committed to maintaining their traditions of creativity and self-rule not just by excellent schools, but by entrusting the future of their countries to their own citizens, by the principle of *jus sanguinis*, *droit de sang*. Their future citizens will be the children of their present citizens. The United States not only has a vastly inferior school system, whose children rank at the bottom of the industrial world when tested for math and foreign languages, they have handed their future over to large masses of immigrants who are committed to achieving majority status by invasion and massive reproduction. They have put demands on our staggering welfare state that it cannot support. They have dragged down the level of our public schools while draining away money that could have been used to create or at least encourage academic excellence. Many of them have shown that they have no intention of assimilating to the standards and way of life that created the United States and could still restore it to prosperity and freedom, if consciously supported and defended.

No one who has absorbed the lessons of Lester Thurow's

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Head to Head believes that the United States can maintain its former economic hegemony. That has passed to Europe and Japan. If, however, we are to regain our competitiveness, we need to imitate Europe and Japan in several ways. Our educational system must achieve world-class status in foreign languages, mathematics, and science. The massive lay-offs of our private businesses are one side of a coin, whose reverse side reveals, for example, the continual incompetence of our space program and the international scandal of our attempt to steal the credit for the discovery of the HIV virus from France (whose entire budget for scientific research is less than that for our National Institutes of Health alone).

We must also resume self-rule and send the judges and bureaucrats who now rule us packing. We must resume control over our borders and over the right to determine who is an American citizen. This means the repeal of the 14th Amendment. It is the 14th Amendment that, by planting the disastrous *jus soli* in the heart of the Constitution, makes it impossible for the states to defend themselves from being overwhelmed by a hostile foreign invasion. It is the 14th Amendment that gives judges the power to overrule the will of the citizenry under the cover of civil rights. Foreigners have swamped our schools and social safety net under the slogan "civil" (i.e., citizens') rights. The true rights involved are those of judges to rule our country. Only the repeal of the 14th Amendment can restore to the citizens the rights of self-rule and self-determination.

The French people have regained the right to determine the citizenry of France, the first step in maintaining self-rule and creativity. They may not use that self-rule and that creativity wisely, but the decisions will be taken by them, as individuals and as a people. We should remember that the votes of this spring and summer came not only from the decision of the French right to listen to the popular will, or from the raucous eloquence of Jean-Marie Le Pen, but also, perhaps primarily, from a work of fiction. Twenty years have passed since *The Camp of the Saints* was first published, and in those years Jean Raspail has won many of France's most prestigious literary awards—and France is a country where literary awards matter. His lonely vision and satiric fire brought alive the pictures of what the future would hold if Europe and the West did not defend themselves against invasion. His moving testimonial in the form of a novel, *Qui se souvient des hommes* (Prix Chateaubriand, 1986), showed that he valued and loved the rich customs of even the poorest of the *damnées de la terre*. The world would be a poorer place without the many customs and ways of life that cover its surface. Among those ways of life are the ones embodied in the nations of Europe. One does not need to be a Francophile to understand that the greatness and weakness of France, from its abstract love of argument to its sensual devotion to good food and wine, lie rooted in the language and culture and people of France. In one of the great environmental triumphs of the decade, those people are now in a better position to survive than they were just a year ago. Those who love any aspect of French life can breath a temporary sigh of relief. Those who love America need to begin to gird up their loins. Now it is our turn.

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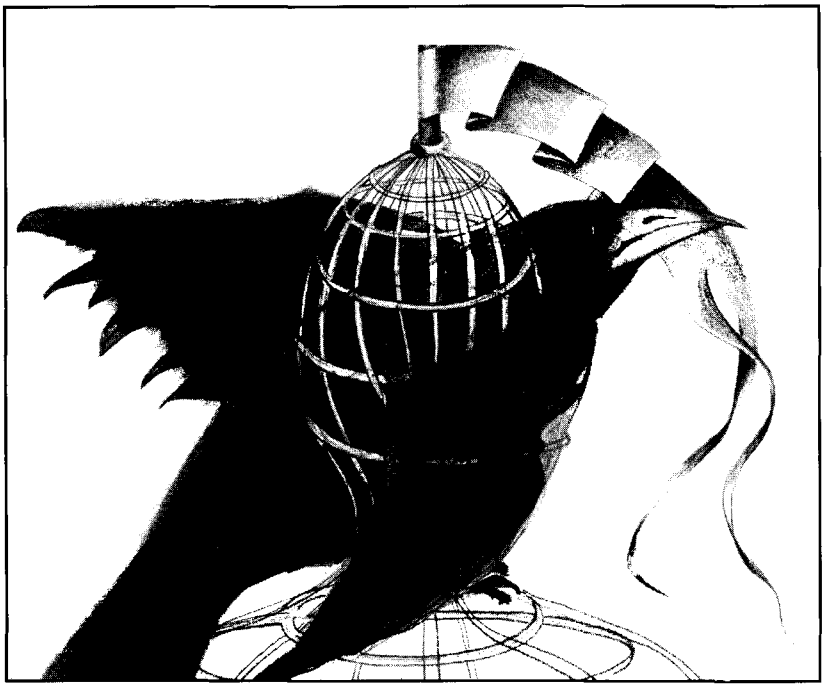
The Latest Camp of the Saints

Germany's Immigration Problem

by Joachim F. Weber



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Total strangers hug one another. People dance for joy in the streets. Tears pour down their faces. It is Germany, November 1989. The Berlin Wall has fallen and for the first time in decades people can move freely back and forth in Germany's old capital. A people feels its solidarity, in the truest sense of the word. Anyone who lived those hours in Berlin knows what lies hidden behind the abstract notion of "nation."

Another picture: the smoking ruins of a house where five men died in a fire set by a disturbed German teenager, driven by hatred for foreigners. It happened in Solingen in March of this year. This picture, too, went around the world, so fast that it seemed the world was hungry for it. In fact, Germans learned about "German hatred of foreigners" from reports in the media. Millions of foreigners, people from every country on the planet, have lived in Germany for decades without anyone hatching a plot to set fire to their houses. I have yet to meet anyone who expresses sympathy for the arson that took place in Solingen.

It was only when these activities led to discussions of the revival of National Socialism and of a "Fourth Reich" that it became clear why they aroused such unmerited attention. On the face of it, the comparison is faulty. In Hitler's Third Reich, before the outbreak of World War II, *no foreigners were persecuted*. There were plenty of foreigners, to be sure, the Russian refugees in Berlin who had been driven from Russia by Lenin's and Stalin's communism or the Italian workers in the Volkswagen factory in Wolfsburg who had been enthusiastically received into Germany. The people who were persecuted were Germans, those with the wrong political opinions and those of Jewish ancestry. They did not look different from their non-Jewish neighbors. They spoke the same language and acted alike. They had been assimilated in Germany for generations. They were treated as different because of propaganda, the ideology hammered into people by the media, branding Jews as bad people.

People who speak of a general German hatred of foreigners, with one eye on the Third Reich, are misguided and uninformed, so little has the one to do with the other. On the other hand, there is no point in denying that there has been a growing irritation in Germany over the past year or two between some foreigners who live there and part of the native-born population. What has caused this irritation?

The foreign population of West Germany before reunification with East Germany was about five million. In the past three years about two million have been added. One might think that in a country with a population of 80 million, it would not make much difference whether there were five, six, or eight million foreigners. It is not an issue of numbers alone, however. Four-fifths of the foreigners come from various poor countries in Africa, Asia, and Europe. These people have nothing in common with Germany. They do not share her language or culture. They all, however, have a "right," the right to stay in Germany by speaking a single word, "asylum." They then enjoy a *de facto* right to stay on German soil indefinitely

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Joachim F. Weber is political editor of Das Ostpreussenblatt, *a conservative weekly in Hamburg. This piece was edited and translated from the German by E. Christian Kopff, a professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Colorado in Boulder.*

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with a claim to free health care, food, and housing at the expense of the German taxpayer. Only America maintains so insane a system. Since the situation is well known everywhere from Sri Lanka to Zaire, hundreds of thousands pour into Germany from these countries. They are by no means the poorest of the poor. On the contrary, only the relatively privileged in their native lands can find the money—usually thousands of dollars—which the trip to Germany requires. But it is an investment that is soon reimbursed. A negro from Ghana receives monthly in Germany many times what he would earn at home in a year of harsh struggle to survive. About 50,000 claimants for asylum arrive every month in Germany. They are distributed among the German states, who send them to the local communities, who then have to find housing and other provisions for them. Because there is no more free housing in Germany, many immigrants now live in expensive hotels—all at taxpayer expense.

This is not the end of the ideologically motivated insanity. Before the right of asylum is granted, of course, a formal request must be made, which may be rejected in obviously unjustified cases. (Since July 1, 1993, new laws have enabled the government to reject at the border those seeking asylum for purposes other than political persecution in their native countries.) These "unjustified cases" constitute 95 percent of those seeking asylum. The asylum-seeker, however, has the right to appeal the rejection with the help of an attorney provided by the state, and he may appeal all the way to the highest court in the land. This does not change the outcome of the proceedings. Even after the appeals, more than 90 percent of all cases of asylum are found to be unjustified. However, during the appeal process, the appellant can live in Germany for years at no cost to himself. About 90 percent of those whose appeals have been rejected remain in Germany, because the authorities are afraid of the uproar that would be caused by expulsion.

Over 60 percent of the overburdened German criminal courts are occupied with senseless asylum trials, the outcome of which is predictable. According to independent evaluations reported in the conservative *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* last October, the true cost of German asylum politics, when the hidden costs for legal services, police, etc., are included, amounts to about 35 billion German marks a year. These costs are not mentioned in the official government statistics, where only the direct cash and in-kind costs are included, so as to arrive at a supposed sum of only seven to eight billion marks. The real sum of over 30 billion marks represents about half of the annual new indebtedness of Germany.

The abuse of the German right of asylum is not new. When this debate began at the beginning of the 1980's, however, there were four or five thousand asylum-seekers entering Germany every month, not 50,000. More importantly, in 1982 and 1983, West Germany had a booming economy, which offered the population steady increases in real income. Nobody worried about a few thousand asylum-seekers grabbing crumbs from the kitchen table by misrepresenting the reasons for their arrival.

The current situation is fundamentally different. Besides the worldwide recession, which has affected all industrial societies, Germany has two additional problems. The first is German reunification, which has led to enormous burdens on the official budget because of the net transfer of over 100 billion marks a year from West to East Germany. East Germany's economy, however, has still not been rescued by these expenditures because of the economically irresponsible decision of the Kohl administration to exchange the East German mark for the West German mark at the rate of 1:1 or 1:2. The debts of communist Germany were thereby enormously increased while aggravating the ability of East German industries to compete on the world market.

All this was bad enough. Then came the crisis in Eastern Europe, caused by the transition from socialism to a market economy. Without an appreciable improvement in the social and economic spheres, there are fears of immigration to the West of millions of Eastern Europeans fleeing poverty, and of general political instability. In the worst case, these problems could lead to a threat of unpredictable dimensions in a (still) stable Western Europe. These fears help explain the enormous sums Germany gave to aid the former Soviet republics, especially Russia, amounting to over 80 billion marks, a sum more than 20 times all American aid for Eastern Europe.

However well-intentioned the motives for these expenditures, they did not change the fact that Germany had taken on more than she could bear. Germany's economic crisis can be seen in her rising unemployment and increasing inflation, which is barely held in check by the restrictive monetary policies of the Bundesbank. If one includes in the official unemployment statistics part-time jobs, the many hidden forms of unemployment, and the official definition of jobs as "apparent work positions," we reach a number of nearly six million unemployed in Germany . This is the magic number at which Hitler came to power in 1933. The quality of daily life is simply the worst in 40 years. Naturally this affects lower classes the most, while the majority of citizens of the middle and upper classes still do not notice it as much. This could, however, be the calm before the storm. Of course, the situation today is different from that at the beginning of the 1930's because the social safety net is basically intact, but the social consequences of unemployment are now relieved only by increasing the indebtedness of the state, which must in the end lead to the nation's collapse unless emergency measures are enacted soon.

Now we can see the connection between the politics of asylum and the arson at Solingen. Working people are involved in an ever harsher competition for the remaining (and increasingly unaffordable) housing and poorly paid jobs. It seems sheer mockery to these people that, while they are losing first their jobs and then their homes, aliens from the Congo under the right of asylum receive tax-financed free housing, which a German citizen does not receive. The situation creates great bitterness among native Germans. To understand it, just talk to a barber or taxi driver or any of the other thermometers of popular opinion. A "hatred of foreigners" you will not encounter, but anger against asylum-seekers, indeed.

This feeling becomes dangerous in poor young people who are deprived of training or a job, who are beginning to drink, and who see in the presence of the rapidly increasing number of immigrants the cause of their misery. The young do not know enough to distinguish between the hardworking immigrant and the alien who abuses the right of asylum. This is the atmosphere that drives the poorest and most ignorant, who exist in every nation, to acts of arson and other attacks on foreigners. These attacks are ongoing in other European countries in at least equal numbers, but when they happen in England or France, the world press does not find them worthy of attention.

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We should not ignore the fact that for the past two or three years, parallel to the dam-breaking flood of hundreds of thousands of asylum-seekers and illegal immigrants, the crime rate has been increasing at a worrying pace. In many German states the crime rates are increasing 80 or 100 percent annually. Although the foreign population in Germany is only around 8 percent, every third criminal act involves a foreigner, and here too asylum-seekers are disproportionately represented. The worse the crime, the higher the representation of foreigners—for muggings, 43 percent; for murder, over 50 percent; for drug trafficking, over 70 percent. Naturally the street rabble do not see that the asylum-seekers are not responsible for the situation. The problem lies in the criminal negligence of the party politicians in Bonn, who are so notoriously distant from the needs of their people that they no longer notice them.

Here is the heart of the problem. From a pragmatic, hard-headed understanding of politics, it is impossible even for a German well acquainted with this situation to understand why the state and the parties do not respond to these problems and attack them at their root. How can foreigners understand the confused dawdlings of the German political elite?

The root cause of the impotence of German politics is the presence of a power elite in the public institutions, especially in universities, schools, and the media, that is animated by the spirit of 1968. This attitude is a mere fad in the United States, but in Germany this group aims at permanent revolution, presenting citizens with social goals that are not desired by the majority of the people.

After the March attack in Solingen there were days of Turkish protests, in Solingen itself and in countless other German cities. Politicians and journalists in Bonn demanded easier naturalization procedures for foreigners. Chancellor Kohl himself suggested that German citizenship be granted to every foreigner who has lived in Germany for five years. The most absurd assertions were made, in Germany and abroad, about the German law of citizenship. For instance, it was supposed to be a law of "blood and soil," which opponents denounce as fascist. Such assertions are striking for highlighting the pitiful state of the education of the people who make them and not for any light they throw on the situation. In fact, the law of *jus sanguinis* in Germany, as in many other countries, has as much to do with the Nazi period as does the *jus soli* system of citizenship prevalent in the United States. It is a case of two equally justified methods of regulating citizenship, which have different historical developments as their explanation.

German law, which emphasizes descent from German parents as the basis of citizenship, has to be seen against the historical background of the absolutist tendencies of the princes of the small German principalities to increase as much as possible the number of their subjects. Considering the small size of German states before the foundation of the Empire in 1871, it was comparatively easy for a state to claim as its "subject" a baby who was born there by the accidental presence of a pregnant woman from a neighboring village, even against the will of the parents. The law was simple. A German was someone born of German parents, people who held German citizenship themselves. The development in the United States, of course, was different. In a country that had no homogeneous ethnic population, all children of immigrants received citizenship upon birth in U.S. territory, since there was no common ancestry and the population consisted of a community of immigrants. Both conceptions of citizenship have their different histories as well as their advantages and disadvantages.

Clearly, the debate over citizenship is a pure charade, meant only to distract attention from the real question. Should Germany become a country of immigrants? If the answer is "yes," then naturalization should be made easier. If the answer is "no," then there is no reason to change the present law. I want to suggest most emphatically that the answer must be "no." Considering that the United States has only some 27 inhabitants per square kilometer even with its current immigration policies, it is downright absurd to clamor that overpopulated Germany, with its 224 inhabitants per square kilometer, should accept new waves of immigration.

The most important point, however, is what the German people want, and there is no doubt that the majority of the population is against a transformation of their nation into a "multicultural society." This is the banner under which the immigrants and their political allies march. The leadership of the movement is the generation of 1968, the real establishment of Germany. They are not restricted to parties such as the "Greens" and the socialist opposition. Heiner Geissler, longtime chief ideologue of the ruling Christian Democrats, is one of the most significant proponents of the multicultural society, as are his fellow Christian Democrats Rita Sussmuth, who, as president of the German parliament, holds the second highest office in the state, and labor minister Norbert Blum. Their goal is to remake Germany after the model of the American "melting pot," a peaceful if motley society whose members come from every different culture, complementing one another like the colors of the rainbow. This naive conception has little to do with reality.

If one thinks of the racial unrest in Los Angeles in 1992, doubts arise about the peaceful character of multicultural societies. The United States is, after all, a society composed of many different peoples and races, all living together under the abstract ideal of "the pursuit of happiness." When a society that has *slowly* evolved this way does *not* function, what chance for success will the ideal have in a land inhabited mainly by a homogeneous population according to *jus sanguinis* when it has to handle the swift and artificial introduction of other groups?

Every society strives to preserve its own customs and mores. Anyone who wonders what a multicultural society will be like has only to glance at the evening news, at the pictures of Sarajevo, Tadzhikistan, or Beirut. There is the reality of people of different cultures and religions living together. That will be the future of German-Turkish relations, in spite of their previously peaceful nature, if uncontrolled immigration is not ended. For Turks and Germans are friends as long as Turks live in Turkey and Germans live in Germany, each nation enjoying its wealth of traditions and unique characteristics. Mixing produces only uncertainty and anxiety.

The irritations are already there, and they will only get worse unless we start thinking and speaking clearly. The Turkish example is instructive. With 1.8 million people, they represent the largest foreign colony in Germany. They also have the most problems. Their way of life is very different from that of Western Europe because it is distinctively Islamic. They have little contact with Germans and live in voluntary segregation from Germans in their own ghetto-like quarters of the cities. They attribute no value to integration, which would mean accepting the German way of life, because they have their own deeply

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rooted culture. Since there are so many of them now in Germany, they can live among one another without changing their way of life or coming into conflict with German customs. No ideal unites them with Germans. How easily conflicts can arise, we now can see. What has happened in Germany in the past two years should serve as a warning to avoid such possible sources of conflict.

The politicians in Bonn have devised only one solution to this problem—i.e., give German citizenship to anybody who has lived a couple of years in Germany, even though he has his own citizenship. This is the perfect solution for those who have created the crisis, meaning the political parties who are totally isolated from the German people, who understand nothing of populist needs, and who increasingly receive a decreasing number of votes. If the problem is eliminated by merely giving it a different name, there will then be no more riots between Germans and Turks, only riots between "Germans." Then we can await the arrival of the U.N. peace-keeping forces between the North Sea and the Alps to conduct negotiations and to watch over the distribution of humanitarian aid to the hostile parties in yet another "civil war."

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How Must It Seem To Him

For an LD, ADD, FAS child

by Jane Greer

How must it seem to him poor child lost son
stuck in a tic of losing finding forgetting
over and over things he knows he knew
just yesterday he drowns his shame in shouting

shouts when they say his IQ's nearly normal
shouts down their kindly efforts to help and explain
blown round a pointless whirligig world of words
he'll never know meanings of needs he can't name

ciphers that don't add up tests always tests
of one sort or another tests that he'll flunk
because that's what he does life is a test
and he's who the kids call re-tard sometimes he thinks

he's going to make it going to get through the shower
to the clean sheets and the dog with her head on his chest
without disappointing anyone going to lie there
happily all night knowing he did his best

and it was good enough then his mom or his dad
strangles his name in that hideous patient way
and he's caught and must do something over or better or neater
or admit that he broke a rule or told a lie

they're tired of his lies tired of his eat sh-- looks
tired of explaining over and over and over
things most kids learn when they're babies without even trying
mostly they're tired of watching him fail and suffer

so they feed him speed three times a day to calm him
which helps him to keep on task when the teacher's there
and they work on their anger and learn to make I statements
and join a support group and finally turn to prayer

and nothing ever changes re-tard re-tard
he names himself and outshouts those who love him best
and he pricks them all into lovely violent turmoil
to give his mad clattering brain a moment of rest

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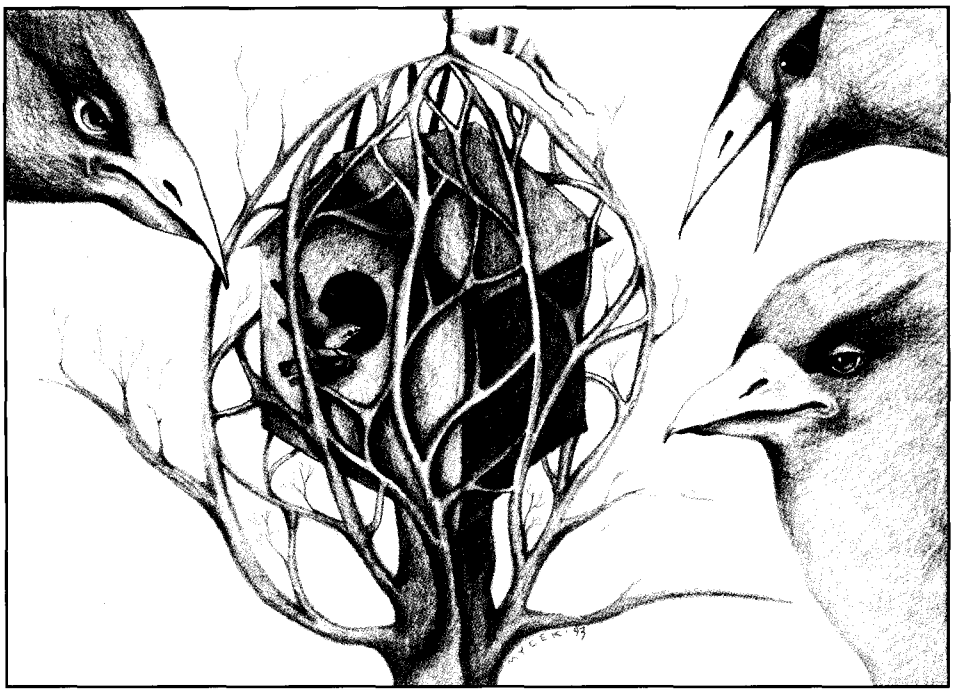
Nationalism and Secession

by Hans-Hermann Hoppe



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

With the collapse of communism all across Eastern Europe, secessionist movements are mushrooming. There are now more than a dozen independent states on the territory of the former Soviet Union, and many of its more than 100 different ethnic, religious, and linguistic groups are striving to gain independence. Yugoslavia has dissolved into various national components. Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, and Bosnia now exist as independent states. The Czechs and the Slovaks have split and formed independent countries. There are Germans in Poland, Hungarians in Slovakia, Hungarians, Macedonians, and Albanians in Serbia, Germans and Hungarians in Romania, and Turks and Macedonians in Bulgaria who all desire independence. The events of Eastern Europe have also given new strength to secessionist movements in Western Europe: to the Scots and Irish in Great Britain, the Basques and Catalonians in Spain, the Flemish in Belgium, and the South Tyrolians and the Lega Nord in Italy.

From a global perspective, however, mankind has moved closer than ever before to the establishment of a world government. Even before the dissolution of the Soviet Union, the United States had attained hegemonical status over Western Europe (most notably over West Germany) and the Pacific rim countries (most notably over Japan)—as indicated by the presence of American troops and military bases, by the NATO and SEATO pacts, by the role of the American dollar as the ultimate international reserve currency and of the U.S. Federal Reserve System as the "lender" or "liquidity provider" of last resort for the entire Western banking system, and by institutions such as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank. Moreover, under American hegemony the political integration of Western Europe has steadily advanced. With the establishment of a European Central Bank and a European Currency Unit (ECU), the European Community will be complete before the turn of the century. In the absence of the Soviet Empire and its military threat, the United States has emerged as the world's sole and undisputed military superpower.

A look at history reveals yet another perspective. At the beginning of this millennium, Europe consisted of thousands of independent territorial units. Now, only a few dozen such units remain. To be sure, decentralizing forces also existed. There was the progressive disintegration of the Ottoman Empire from the 16th century until after World War I and the establishment of modern Turkey. The discontiguous Habsburg Empire was gradually dismembered from the time of its greatest expansion under Charles V until it disappeared and modern Austria was founded in 1918. However, the overriding tendency was in the opposite direction. For instance, during the second half of the 17th century, Germany consisted of some 234 countries, 51 free cities, and 1,500 independent knightly manors. By the early 19th century, the total number of all three had fallen below 50, and by 1871 unification had been achieved. The scenario in Italy was similar. Even the small states have a history of expansion and centralization. Switzerland began in 1291 as a confederation of three independent cantonal states. By 1848 it was a single (federal) state with some two dozen cantonal provinces.

How should one interpret these phenomena? According to

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the orthodox view, centralization is generally a "good" and progressive movement, whereas disintegration and secession, even if sometimes unavoidable, represent an anachronism. It is assumed that larger political units—and ultimately a single world government—imply wider markets and hence increased wealth. As evidence of this, it is pointed out that economic prosperity has increased dramatically with increased centralization. However, rather than reflecting any truth, this orthodox view is more illustrative of the fact that history is typically written by its victors. Correlation or temporal coincidence do not prove causation. In fact, the relationship between economic prosperity and centralization is very different from—indeed, almost the opposite of—what orthodoxy alleges.

Secession increases ethnic, linguistic, religious, and cultural diversity, while in the course of centuries of centralization hundreds of distinct cultures were stamped out.

Political integration (centralization) and economic (market) integration are two completely different phenomena. Political integration involves the territorial expansion of a government's power of taxation and property regulation (expropriation). Economic integration is the extension of the interpersonal and interregional division of labor and market participation.

In principle, in taxing and regulating (expropriating) private property owners and market income earners, all governments are counterproductive. They *reduce* market participation and the formation of economic wealth. Once the existence of a government has been assumed, however, no direct relationship between territorial size and economic integration exists. Switzerland and Albania are both small countries, but Switzerland exhibits a high degree of economic integration, whereas Albania does not. Both the United States and the former Soviet Union are large. Yet while there is much division of labor and market participation in the United States, in the Soviet Union, where there was virtually no private capital ownership, there was hardly any economic integration. Centralization, then, can go hand in hand with either economic progress or retrogression. Progress results whenever a less taxing and regulating government expands its territory at the expense of a more expropriative one. If the reverse occurs, centralization implies economic disintegration and retrogression.

Yet a highly important indirect relationship exists between size and economic integration. A central government ruling over large-scale territories—much less a single world government—cannot come into existence *ab ovo*. Instead, all institutions with the power to tax and regulate the owners of private property must start out small. Smallness contributes to moderation, however. A small government has many close competitors, and if it taxes and regulates its own subjects visibly more than these competitors do, it is bound to suffer from emigration and a corresponding loss of future revenue. Consider a single household, or a village, as an independent territory, for instance. Could a father do to his son, or a mayor to his village, what the government of the Soviet Union did to its subjects (i.e., deny them any right to private capital ownership) or what governments all across Western Europe and the United States do to their citizens (i.e., expropriate up to 50 percent of their productive output)? Obviously not. Either there would be an immediate revolt and the government would be overthrown or emigration to another nearby household or village would ensue.

Contrary to orthodoxy, then, it is precisely because Europe possessed a highly decentralized power structure composed of countless independent political units that explains the origin of capitalism—the expansion of market participation and of economic growth—in the Western world. It is not by accident that capitalism first flourished under conditions of extreme political decentralization: in the northern Italian city states, in southern Germany, and in the secessionist Low Countries.

The competition among small governments for taxable subjects brings them into conflict with each other. As a result of interstate conflicts, historically drawn out over the course of centuries, a few states succeed in expanding their territories, while others are eliminated or incorporated. Which states win in this process of eliminative competition and which ones lose depends on many factors, of course. But in the long run, the decisive factor is the relative amount of economic resources at a government's disposal. In taxing and regulating, governments do not positively contribute to the creation of economic wealth. Instead, they parasitically draw on existing wealth. However, they can influence the amount of the existing wealth negatively.

Other things being equal, the lower the tax and regulation burden imposed by a government on its domestic economy, the larger its population tends to grow (for internal reasons as well as immigration factors), and the larger the amount of domestically produced wealth on which it can draw in its conflicts with neighboring competitors. For this reason centralization is frequently progressive. States that tax and regulate their domestic economies little—liberal states—tend to defeat, and expand their territories at the expense of, nonliberal ones. This accounts for the outbreak of the "industrial revolution" in centralized England and France. It explains why in the course of the 19th century Western Europe came to dominate the rest of the world (rather than the other way around), and why this colonialism was generally progressive. Furthermore, it explains the rise of the United States to the rank of superpower in the course of the 20th century.

However, the further the process of more liberal governments defeating less liberal ones proceeds—i.e., the larger the territories, the fewer and more distant the remaining competitors, and thus the more costly international migration—the lower a government's incentive to continue in its domestic liberalism will be. As one approaches the limit of a One World state, all possibilities of voting with one's feet against a government disappear. Wherever one goes, the same tax and regulation structure applies. Thus relieved of the problem of emigration, a fundamental rein on the expansion of governmental power is gone. This explains the course of the 20th century: with World War I, and even more with World War II, the Unit-

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ed States attained hegemony over Western Europe and became heir to its vast colonial empires. A decisive step in the direction of global unification, therefore, was taken with the establishment of a pax Americana. And indeed, throughout the entire period the United States, Western Europe, and most of the rest of the world have suffered from a steady and dramatic growth of government power, taxation, and regulatory expropriation.

What then is the role of secession? Initially, secession is nothing more than a shifting of control over the nationalized wealth from a larger, central government to a smaller, regional one. Whether this will lead to more or less economic integration and prosperity depends on the new regional government's policies. However, the sole fact of secession has an immediate positive impact on production, for one of the most important reasons for secession is typically the belief on the part of the secessionists that they and their territory are being exploited by others. The Slovenes felt that they were being robbed systematically by the Serbs and the Serbian-dominated central Yugoslavian government, and the Baltics resented the fact that they had to pay tribute to the Russians and the Russian-dominated government of the Soviet Union. By virtue of secession, hegemonic domestic relations are replaced by contractual—mutually beneficial—foreign relations. Instead of forced integration there is voluntary separation.

Forced integration, illustrated by such measures as busing, rent controls, antidiscrimination laws, and "free immigration," invariably creates tension, hatred, and conflict. In contrast, voluntary separation leads to social harmony and peace. Under forced integration any mistake can be blamed on a foreign group or culture and all success claimed as one's own, and hence there is little or no reason for any culture to learn from another. Under a regime of "separate but equal," one must face up to the reality not only of cultural diversity but in particular of visibly distinct ranks of cultural advancement. If a secessionist people wishes to improve or maintain its position vis-à-vis a competing one, nothing but discriminative learning will help. It must imitate, assimilate, and, if possible, improve upon the skills, traits, practices, and rules characteristic of more advanced cultures, and it must avoid those characteristic of less advanced societies. Rather than promote a downward leveling of cultures as under forced integration, secession stimulates a cooperative process of cultural selection and advancement.

Moreover, although everything else depends on the new regional government's domestic policies and although no direct relationship between size and economic integration exists, there is an important indirect connection. Just as political centralization ultimately tends to promote economic disintegration, so secession tends to advance integration and economic development. First, secession always involves the breaking away of a smaller from a larger population and is thus a vote against the principle of democracy and majoritarian ownership in favor of private, decentralized property. More importantly, secession always involves increased opportunities for interregional migration, and a secessionist government is immediately confronted with the specter of emigration. To avoid the loss of its most productive subjects, it is under increased pressure to adopt comparatively liberal domestic policies by allowing more private property and imposing a lower tax and regulation burden than its neighbors. Ultimately, with as many territories as separate households, villages, or towns, the opportunities for economically motivated emigration would be maximized, and government power over a domestic economy minimized.

Specifically, the smaller the country, the greater will be the pressure to opt for free trade rather than protectionism. All government interference with foreign trade forcibly limits the range of mutually beneficial interterritorial exchanges and thus leads to relative impoverishment, at home as well as abroad. But the smaller a territory and its internal markets, the more dramatic this effect will be. A country the size of Russia, for instance, might attain comparatively high standards of living even if it renounced all foreign trade, provided it possessed an unrestricted internal capital and consumer goods market. In contrast, if predominantly Serbian cities or counties seceded from surrounding Croatia, and if they pursued the same protectionism, this would likely spell disaster. Consider a single household as the conceivably smallest secessionist unit. By engaging in unrestricted free trade, even the smallest territory can be fully integrated into the world market and partake of every advantage of the division of labor, and its owners may well become the wealthiest people on earth. The existence of a single wealthy individual anywhere is living proof of this. On the other hand, if the same household owners decided to forego all interterritorial trade, abject poverty or death would result. Accordingly, the smaller a territory and its internal markets, the more likely it is that it will opt for free trade.

Secessionism, then, and the growth of separatist and regionalist movements in Eastern and Western Europe represent not an anachronism but potentially the most progressive historical forces. Secession increases ethnic, linguistic, religious, and cultural diversity, while in the course of centuries of centralization hundreds of distinct cultures were stamped out. It will end the forced integration brought about as a result of centralization, and rather than stimulating social strife and cultural leveling, it will promote the peaceful, cooperative competition of different, territorially separate cultures. In particular, it eliminates the immigration problem increasingly plaguing the countries of Western Europe as well as the United States. Now, whenever a central government permits immigration, it allows foreigners to proceed—literally on government-owned roads—to any of its residents' doorsteps, regardless of whether these residents desire such proximity to foreigners. "Free immigration" is thus to a large extent forced integration. Secession solves this problem by letting smaller territories have their own admission standards and determine independently with whom they will associate on their own territory and with whom they prefer to cooperate from a distance.

Lastly, secession promotes economic integration and development. The process of centralization has resulted in the formation of an international, American-dominated government cartel of managed migration, trade, and fiat money; ever more invasive and burdensome governments; globalized welfare-warfare statism; and economic stagnation or even declining standards of living. Secession, if it is extensive enough, could change all of this. A Europe consisting of hundreds of distinct countries, regions, and cantons, of thousands of independent free cities (such as the present-day "oddities" of Monaco, San Marino, and Andorra), with the greatly increased opportunities for economically motivated migration that would result, would be one of small, liberal governments economically integrated through free trade and an international commodity money such as gold. It would be a Europe of unparalleled economic growth and unprecedented prosperity.

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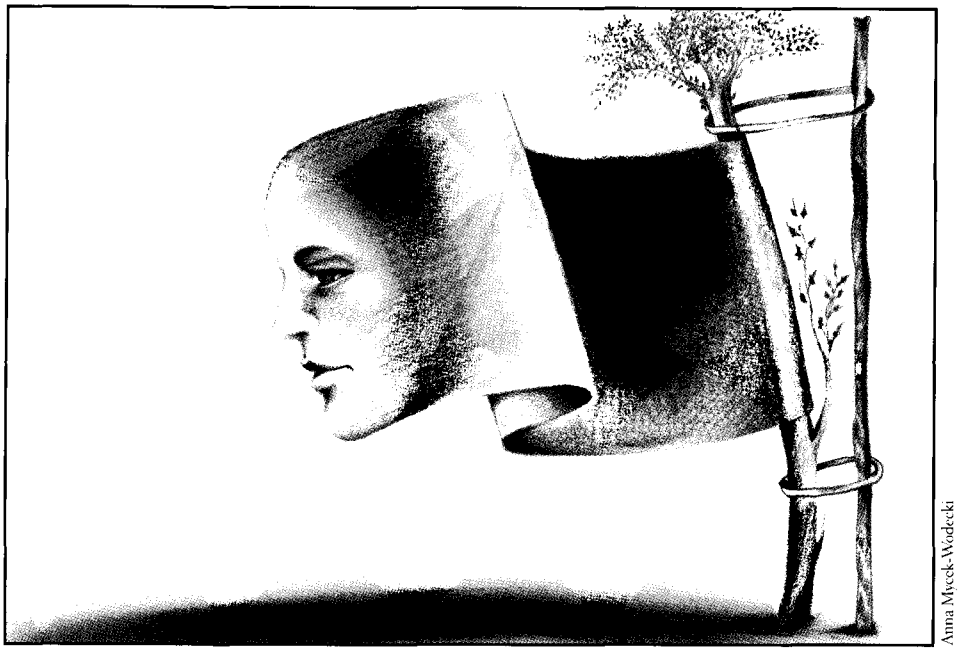
The Populist Politics of Austria

by Donald I. Warren



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

In this small nation's elegant capital in November 1992, newspaper headlines bannering the Clinton presidential victory temporarily displaced the local story of the moment: a decisive political coup by Jörg Haider, leader of the Freedom Party of Austria (FPÖ). Although it is quite clear that Austria's status quo, socialist-conservative, "Red-Black" alliance has functioned effectively as a patronage machine, one longtime political observer notes that "it appears ineffectual, even paralyzed, when faced with larger political issues, especially immigration." Amid a general economic downturn throughout Europe, this latter issue was tackled head-on by Jörg Haider's Freedom Party in late October 1992, when it proposed a national referendum: a 12-point petition on the key issues of asylum, immigration, and multicultural education. This startling coup reverberated within the nation's parliament over the next several months and subsequently shaped a spring constitutional debate, forcing a vote to address these critical national concerns.

With Germany, its neighbor to the north, badly shaken by street violence and arson since the beginning of the 1990's, Austria's *Nationalrat* had for many months ignored the need to address the troubling fact that this once powerful but now greatly diminished middle European nation would be drawn into the maelstrom of Continental violence, either incipient or overt. Proclaiming that the national mood was *total gekippt* (completely overturned), the popular weekly news magazine *Profil* reported last September that two-thirds of a cross-section of Austria's populace felt that Rostock-style neo-Nazi flames could, in fact, leap across the border.

On November 2, 1992—the very eve of the U.S. election—amid headlines of attacks on foreigners and a leadership crisis in Germany, Austria's Freedom Party chief formally promulgated his manifesto. Three days later, front-page photos showed an apparently significant conversation between Haider and Austrian President Thomas Klestil (a member of the ruling conservative party) at the *Hofburg* (the occasion being a 60th birthday celebration for Kurt Waldheim's recently elected replacement). Although it has been vigorously denied, speculation was rife that Klestil was trying to stave off Haider's then threatened 12-point petition drive.

Haider's challenge to the ruling coalition was a comprehensive proposal proffered as salve for Austrian qualms about the *Ausländer Problem*. The referendum once again raised the question of whether it would be in the nation's best interest to join the European Community. Specifically, what became known as the *Österreich zuerst* ("Austria First") manifesto declared that Austria was "not an immigrant society" and called for *illegal* immigrants to be returned to their native countries unless their claims for asylum could be established as extending beyond economic hardship. This declaration was coupled with a demand for tighter restrictions on welfare benefits for those who had recently entered the country. Thus, before Germany or France, Austria tackled the issue of restricting asylum, largely because of the pressure exerted by its third largest political party.

The political centerpiece of the FPÖ manifesto put forth last November urged a constitutional declaration that Austria was no longer open to large-scale foreign immigration. By obtaining a required minimum of 100,000 signatures, the 12-point

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program would be placed directly before the country's parliament. The proposal, in particular, called for a complete cessation of non-asylum immigration, expulsion of those foreigners convicted of crimes, the reinforcement of border patrols against illegal immigration, the compulsory carrying of identity documents by foreigners, a 30-percent ceiling on the number of foreign children in any classroom within Austrian state schools, and tests of German language proficiency for pupils. The last two points strike directly at what is perhaps the most critical issue agitating the Austrian populace. Imagine the following scenario, feasible under current multicultural educational policies: German-speaking parents receive a letter from their child's school requesting permission to have instruction occur in Turkish, that being the native tongue of the majority of pupils. In fact, such an incident occurred in one of Vienna's neighborhood schools, where in at least three districts German-speaking children are in the minority.

Roused from their lethargy, both the chancellor and president of Austria (one socialist, the other of the traditional conservative camp) belatedly offered to negotiate some of the issues raised by the proposed referendum. In the weeks following, a complex of maneuvers took place that reflected a stark reality of contemporary Austrian politics: a third party setting the pace for national debate and policy.

Although opposition to the Haider 12-point mandate was predictable, what was less expected was the wholesale denunciation of him by this country's influential Roman Catholic clergy. Bishops and archbishops queued up to denounce the referendum as "inhumane," "dangerous," "impractical," and possibly damaging to Austria's social stability. Haider's demand for a constitutional declaration that Austria is not open to unlimited immigration was vilified by his opponents as incompatible with the nation's international obligations as a signatory to the Treaty of the European Economic Area, as well as with future membership in the E.C.

The FPÖ petition was also subjected to critical analysis by Austria's legal experts. A prominent professor writing in *Der Standard* (Vienna's independent liberal daily newspaper) asserts that "anyone [who] examines the proposals in detail must doubt the sincerity behind his intentions." It was further claimed that the remaining components of the so-called manifesto are already part of existing Austrian law.

Yet what critics have labeled *Haiders Kampf* manifested concrete results as early as June 1992 when, under pressure from the Freedom Party, parliament passed a new law tightening regulations on Eastern European refugees arriving for purely economic reasons. In response, Hungary agreed to receive immigrants rejected at the border. Thus, in the first ten months of 1992 only 15,155 asylum-seekers registered in Austria, compared to the 1991 figure of 27,000. Another 40,000, however, received temporary shelter, as well as an additional 4,500 refugees from the Balkans. Moreover, on November 17, 1992, another 175 Muslim war refugees from Bosnia were admitted after the British government refused to accept them, despite the pleas of a British charity organization.

Although reliable figures on illegal immigrants are impossible to come by, estimates of new refugees run as high as 80,000—a proportion markedly higher than in Germany, considering Austria's total population of just 7.5 million. In mid-1992, the Austrian Central Bureau of Statistics released a report that estimated that 573,000 foreigners reside in the nation: 7.3 percent of the population.

Just weeks after he dropped his political bombshell over immigration, an Austrian newsmagazine reported that Haider had personally aided seven Bosnian refugees by providing them with a farmhouse on his Carinthian estate (the unfriendly press announcement stressed that the cottage lacked electricity and hot water). The fact that the men were lumberjacks who had not registered with local police, as is required by Austrian law, was used to suggest that the Freedom Party's leader was being hypocritical. His wife was said to be "outraged" that a private act of charity should be thus misunderstood.

As the swirl of controversy centering on the FPÖ leader continued, a newly published and highly critical biography of Haider climbed to the best-seller list. Written by a journalist for the tabloid *Der Kurier*, the book queried, "*Gibt es Rezepte gegen Haider*?" (Are there remedies against Haider?) The answer continued to center on painting the Freedom Party leader as a closet fascist or neo-Nazi. When Jewish graves in the city of Eisenstadt were desecrated on the anniversary of *Kristallnacht* last year, the slogan "*Sieg Haider*" was splashed across a tombstone; the opposition party leaders and press laid the blame for the vandalism at the feet of the FPÖ leader. While generally refusing to rise to such bait, in this case Haider denounced the incident, shifting blame onto the coalition government with the warning that prejudice and racism would increase unless the government could produce an effective policy to deal with the influx of foreigners.

However, the relentless stereotyping of the Freedom Party and its head as constituting a vanguard of racism continued unabated. "The real purpose of Haider's referendum *démarche*," alleged yet another media critic, "is to awaken popular expectations of harsh, anti-foreigner measures and to strengthen the resistance of that large part of the population that opposes Austrian entry into the E.C." The result would be that the FPÖ might reap dividends, being seen as the articulator of popular anti-E.C. feelings and the champion of those set to make Austria a bastion against an expected increase in immigration from war-torn and poverty-stricken southeastern Europe and the former Soviet Union.

Organized as a response to the "Austria First" referendum, a candlelight demonstration was held last January at the historic *Heldenplatz* where Adolph Hitler had received the rhythmic "*Sieg Heil*" from 100,000 Viennese in March 1938. An estimated 200,000 congregated in what was described as a solemn vigil against "racism" and "anti-Ausländer" politics. Haider himself dismissed the event as an invalid reflection of public sentiments, telling the *New York Times* that "Austrians don't want to feel like strangers in their own land."

While the decidedly pro-ruling coalition Radio Austria International describes Haider as "fanning the flames of xenophobia latent in a citizenry concerned at the huge influx of foreigners," one might also conclude that he is simply reflecting a solid base of public opinion. In fact, this is precisely the case. Austrian national surveys since 1988 demonstrate that a steady rise in popular opinion opposing immigration has coincided with a decided drop in support for E.C. membership. A Gallup poll conducted in October 1992 reported that 76 percent of Austrians opposed admission of any new immigrants. Thus, Haider's opponents had good reason to fear that he might obtain not merely the 100,000 signatures needed to insure the parliamentary debate on the issue but rather—as predicted by the astute head of the Austrian Gallup polling organization—

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"as many as one million!"

On January 31, Austrians expressed their views on the Haider *Volksbegehren*: 417,000 signatures were gathered, representing 7.4 percent of the 5.6 million electorate. The "spin" given to the "Austria First" referendum results was that the "radical right" in that nation had been given a resounding defeat, with the *European* inquiring: "Is Austrian racism now in retreat?" In the immediate wake of the voting results, Germany's *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* spoke of the "personal defeat" for Haider and called the outcome a "disaster." The *Süddeutsche Zeitung* claimed that Haider's "latest lasso-swing at the voters" had "nearly toppled him from his high horse." *Austria Today* wondered whether "populism" had reached "its limits." Clearly, Haider erred by placing the victory hurdle of the referendum too high, a violation of a basic principle of politics: never set a goal you may not achieve (a parallel to the 1992 Buchanan campaign in the wake of the initial New Hampshire primary returns).

In fact, as many of his opponents soon began to acknowledge, the outcome of the January referendum was far from a defeat for Jörg Haider. Critical to the results were the peculiar conditions under which the voting took place. Rather than by the secret ballot of a conventional election, petition signatures were obtained in open venues such as banks, public offices, and even, in some cases, private residences and churches. A number of Catholic Church prelates had gone on record opposing the petition drive. Moreover, indications were that employees and union members were often subject to intimidation regarding their support for the Haider referendum. Certainly the fact that a person was seen going to the balloting location at all (the process involved signing one's name and address in contrast to a conventional referendum where one votes yes or no) placed the individual's decision in the public eye.

Within three days of the petition voting, a dramatic event transpired, underscoring a fissure within the ranks of the FPÖ. Although the party leadership had backed the "Austria First" mandate in November 1992 by a vote of 93 to one, in opposition to the proposal was parliamentary leader Heide Schmidt, the party's popular former candidate for Austria's presidency. Schmidt, along with four renegade colleagues—including a longtime Haider associate and former defense minister of Austria—chose to strike out on their own. In February of this year, the "Liberal Forum" was established as a new political party. Schmidt, the protégée—who some even term the "creation" of Jörg Haider—had no doubt been emboldened by her personal popularity and vote-attracting ability during the presidential election one year earlier.

The new breakaway political faction confronted both the Freedom Party and the ruling coalition with a technical and political quandary. Schmidt, who was not only deputy party leader but also third president of the parliament (second deputy speaker) had privately complained about Haider's autocratic leadership style. In turn, Haider had seen Schmidt as increasingly developing a constituency derived strictly from attraction to her persona and not the party's agenda. He described her action as a welcome "throwing off of ballast." A loss of five MP's from the FPÖ's 33 would be one thing, but instead the rebel group indicated they had no intention of simply vacating these seats; they would retain their places. According to the Austrian constitution, parliamentary members serve by virtue of a vote of their peers in the *Nationalrat*. Moreover, according to parliament's own rules, any five MP's can form a *Klub*, that is, an official political group. Furthermore, since a majority of the parliament must approve such a *Klub* only if its members derive from several political parties, the Liberal Forum was seated and accorded office space by simple application to the parliament. In response, Haider threatened to divide his remaining 28 MP's into five different *Klubs*, a maneuver he withdrew because he did not wish to have taxpayers incur the costs that would thereby result.

The initial test of the new party came in the June regional elections in so-called Lower Austria, a geographic area lying north of Carinthia and west of Vienna. Its 1.2 million voters offered the first election battle between the newly divided forces of Haider and Schmidt. From the beginning, the personalities of the FPÖ leader and his former party colleague dominated the magazine pages and televised debates. When the results were in, despite its absence of any formal organization and its fielding of candidates at the last minute, the *Liberales Forum* had emerged as a viable entity. What was also clear is that the popularity of the two dominant Austrian parties, the socialists and conservatives, had continued to erode. By attaining 5.1 percent of the vote, it appeared likely that the new party would be able to enter the national parliamentary elections slated for the fall of 1994, as 5 percent nationwide is required to qualify.

Despite the attention directed to Heide Schmidt's *Klub*, the biggest gainer among Austria's parties was the FPÖ: the Haider-led contingent boosted its total by nearly three percent, while both major parties each fell by the same figure. In reviewing the results of what *Profil* magazine termed the "*historische Stunde*" for Haider and Schmidt, a dual constituency was identified: the former increasingly centered on the "working-class," erstwhile socialist, voter, while the latter drew from the "yuppie" contingency, particularly from professional and urban women. In fact, the outcome seems tied to the peculiar election rules in Austria that permit residents to vote in more than one local election. Many wealthy Viennese who also have summer homes in Lower Austria thus carried their urban views to this mainly rural and small-town milieu.

When 1993 began, academic analysts and the world media hinted that Jörg Haider had reached his political apex. Ironically, Schmidt, as the pupil of Haider, appears to have learned well the lessons of populist-style politics, and she now stands to be an even more "anti-establishment" and underdog figure than her mentor. She has her own constituency apart from Haider's, and while in her presidential election bid she lost one-third of loyal FPÖ supporters she gained a like proportion of followers from outside the regular party ranks. Yet, many observers still see little substance to her Liberal Forum.

Within the FPÖ, a fissure has developed exposing the fault line that has always divided its traditional nationalist wing from its "economically liberal" sector (the latter strongly in favor of E.C. membership, the former resistant). Such nationalist opposition threatens to alienate major sectors of the business community. Haider himself may have lost support because of his "hard line" on E.C. membership: he urges Austria not to be an eager supplicant, but to hold out for tough negotiations on such topics as environmental standards, immigration, and agricultural policies.

What was so remarkable at the outset of Haider's *démarche* on the immigration issue was the eagerness of the socialist and conservative party leaders to meet with Haider to discuss his 12 points so as to prevent the actual circulation of the initiative.

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Failing this, the resultant legislative wrangling has yet to lead to any action; even if it were to, the FPÖ could claim credit for it. While Austria's chancellor, Franz Vranitsky, continues to dismiss Haider as a "populist," and political scientist Anton Pelinka warns of a "populist temptation," no one appears to dispute Haider's declaration that the FPÖ was the first to "see the problem" of the *Ausländer* onslaught.

It is Haider's ability to reflect the concerns of the "little person" that makes his new direction of constituency-building so potentially significant. By going after the large and highly disaffected working and lower-middle class, he can continue to serve as the "cat among the pigeons." Here, the question of his tenacity at exposing political corruption may be a far more important base of his support than even the question of foreign workers or the E.C. One example will suffice. When controversy recently arose over the top-level managers at the Austrian National Bank who draw inflated salaries and perks, only after Haider pressed for changes did any action come about. As one Austrian industrial leader explained: "Every day there is a political corruption scandal. Scarcely a public works contract is awarded without subsequent revelations that there was bribery involved. My employees look at the fat cats in the parliament and town hall and they want somebody to go in there and clean it up."

No longer on a smooth trajectory of political good fortune, Jörg Haider will run (elections are tentatively scheduled for this fall) for a key political post he has held before: governor of the province of Carinthia, his home constituency. From here Haider will test his strength and ability to reach beyond what some see as the ceiling he and his party have now achieved—a firm national following of 20 percent.

Certainly the year 1994 with its parliamentary elections will prove to be a pivotal one for the FPÖ, although Haider's inner circle has deferred until 1998 the hoped-for goal of seeing him named chancellor of Austria. With Europe divided and weak in political will, what is anticipated for the mid-1990's in this small nation is an internal debate on national identity in terms of economic and cultural goals. It offers a prism through which we may view Europe as it gropes toward a new political consciousness. C

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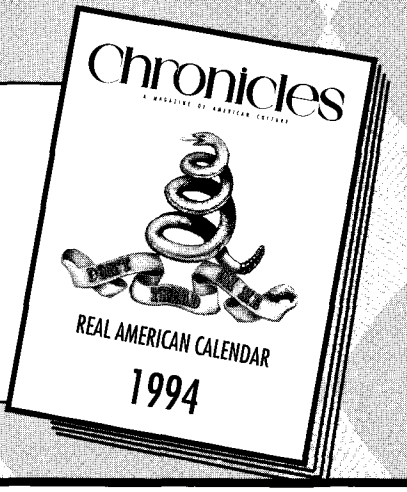

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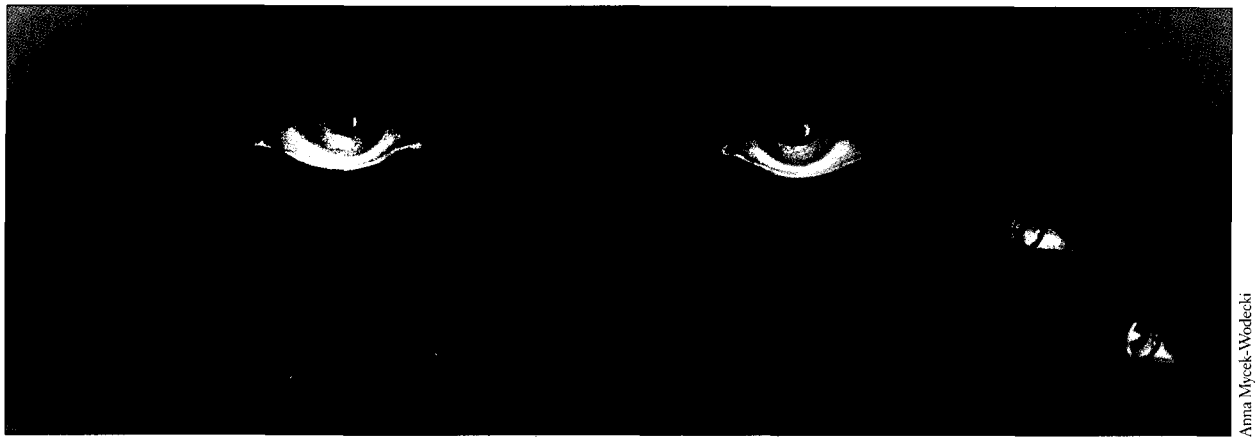
The Real Clarence Thomas

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Real Anita Hill: The Untold Story
by David Brock
New York: The Free Press;
438 pp., $24.95

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Bitter attacks, tenacious defenses, and great promotion—not to speak of the best TV in a generation—have made David Brock's book on *The Real Anita Hill* a best-seller. As Brock admits, he proves neither Clarence Thomas's innocence nor Anita Hill's perfidy. But by scouring the transcript of the Senate hearings, he does show that Hill's reputation as victim-martyr of male sexual harassment is overblown. This may have shocked those who tried to canonize her, but conservatives have known it all along. What they have not known is what Brock shows about Thomas. Despite "efforts to portray Thomas as a right-wing ideologue," Brock writes, "his views on race relations were not conventionally conservative." To put it mildly.

Although Thomas called segregation as it existed in the Georgia of his youth "close to totalitarianism," he himself led a privileged life. He received, from racial cons, free education at a Catholic parochial school near his home in Pinpoint, at a minor seminary near Savannah, and at a major seminary in Missouri. Although Catholic parishioners had spent a lot of money on him, Thomas dropped out of seminary when he overheard one seminarian whisper to another after Martin Luther King, Jr., was shot: "God, I hope the s.o.b. dies." Thomas called this a manifestation of racism, and Brock agrees. Or maybe it was the unconsidered remark of a college-age kid sick of secular hagiography. In any event, Christianity hardly requires us to venerate a fellow traveler, habitual plagiarist, and world-class adulterer.

Thomas then attended Holy Cross College and Yale Law School on plush affirmative-action scholarships. "On graduating," writes Brock, "Thomas interviewed with a number of high-priced law firms but found the process dispiriting. Even though his law school grades were among the highest in his class, he was grilled about his academic performance going back to grade school, on the presumption that he couldn't have gotten through Yale on sheer brain-power." Again, Brock describes this attitude as "veiled racial discrimination." Thomas concurs. But why shouldn't a prospective employer be skeptical of the qualifications of an affirmative-action baby? Grades in these cases seldom tell the whole story. As Brock notes, the schools "employed recruitment-type affirmative action, actively seeking out minority applicants who were fully qualified." (This is, of course, civil rights doublespeak. Fully qualified applicants don't need special privileges.) Offended by impudent private-law evaluators, Thomas took a job with liberal John Danforth, then attorney general of Missouri, and moved to Washington in 1979 to join his Senate staff.

It was at this point that Thomas began to feel estranged from the civil rights movement, says Brock. It seems his reasons were political ("he had views independent from theirs") and cultural ("the black elite also tended to be lighter-skinned than Thomas, who often recalled how he had been called 'America's blackest child' in his youth"). But just how did Thomas's views differ from those of the black establishment? As Brock explains it, "Though Thomas opposed racial preferences to guarantee equal results, he also supported affirmative action designed to encourage equal opportunity." Translation: both Thomas and the civil rights movement believed that blacks are entitled to special treatment.

No civil rights group admits to supporting "racial preferences to guarantee equal results." That may be the unspo-

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ken goal, but even Jesse Jackson talks about affirmative action, not quotas, and equal opportunity, not equal results. The distinction between "opportunity" and "results" is, moreover, simply a matter of time. Yesterday's opportunities are today's results, which become today's opportunities. For example, the equal opportunity to be president of the company requires equality going backwards in time. Equalizing opportunities and results, then, is effectively the same thing. That is why the left has never had to champion "equal results"; "equal opportunity" is quite enough to wreck any system of merit.

Thomas had no lack of privileged opportunity, and he was made assistant secretary for civil rights at the Department of Education in 1981, where he opposed the Reagan administration's attempt to integrate black colleges. "Integration for its own sake," Brock writes of Thomas's view, "should not take precedence over" educating "young blacks." Yet at the same time, Thomas wanted to integrate white colleges on the grounds that their very existence violated the 14th Amendment's "requirement that states treat persons equally regardless of race or color." Thomas also attacked the administration for resisting the removal of Bob Jones University's tax-exempt status because the school discouraged interracial dating. So, as Brock describes Thomas's views on race and education: white schools should be integrated; black schools should be segregated; and interracial dating should be tolerated at predominantly white schools. Did everyone agree with him? No, said Thomas: "There are a lot of racists in the administration."

Thomas was then promoted to the chairmanship of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, one of the most dangerous bureaucracies in D.C. With one phone call from an official victim, the EEOC can attack any business in the country, force unqualified people onto its payroll, fine and smear its executives, and drive it into the ground. Clearly, such an agency is incompatible with a free society, but Thomas was in his element. He "professionalized the agency," says Brock, with "people who were skilled in a law enforcement model." As libertarian Clint Bolick of the Institute for Justice told Brock, "His view was 'nail the discriminator and make it hurt.' Quotas don't hurt. The EEOC changed from an advocacy group into an effective law enforcement agency." (Libertarians are supposed to believe in freedom of association, but the D.C. variety are racial statists.)

At EEOC, some liberals charged, Thomas did not prosecute enough cases. Brock refutes that notion: "The number of discrimination charges considered for litigation authorization rose from 401 in 1982 to 764 in 1988. The number of cases where litigation authorization was granted rose from 241 to 554 in the same time period. More monetary relief for charging parties was won during Thomas's tenure; in 1980 the figure was $78 million for the year, while in 1984 it was $145 million." Clearly Thomas had a passion for race-police brutality. Even Thomas's vaunted opposition to quotas, Brock writes, didn't "prevent him from applying them as a remedy in cases where a company had a proven record of discrimination." And the "previously critical" *Washington Post* "ran what amounted to an editorial retraction, taking back its earlier judgment that Thomas had dismantled the EEOC and gutted its effectiveness."

Brock points out that Thomas "clashed repeatedly with the Reagan Justice Department, which wanted to roll back affirmative action plans already in place around the country." Moreover, "he also fought the orders of the Administration that he rewrite the agency guidelines that required employers to take race and sex into account in making hiring decisions." At the EEOC, Thomas discriminated against white males, practicing what Brock calls "a kind of voluntary affirmative action in his own staffing, going out of his way to give qualified women and minorities a chance." Meanwhile, Thomas publicly complained that the Reagan administration wasn't promoting "a positive civil rights agenda" that took "into account the views of its own black appointees," according to Brock. Thomas even denounced the administration that had raised him to high office in a speech at the Heritage Foundation. "It often seemed that to be accepted within conservative ranks and to be treated with some degree of acceptance, a black was required to become a caricature of sorts." He was then caricatured onto the federal appeals court for the District of Columbia.

During his confirmation hearings for the Supreme Court, Thomas shocked many conservatives with his strategy. When Hill accused him of sexually harassing her, he could have simply denied it. He could have called her a liar. He could have called her a politically motivated liar. Instead, he cried racism. The attack on him was a "high-tech lynching" of an "uppity black man," he claimed. He said that his opponents—who work unceasingly to put blacks in the economic and cultural catbird seat—hated him because he was black. Yet Thomas was replacing another "uppity black man" on the Supreme Court. Owing to "civil rights," in fact, uppity black men are among the most sought-after groups in the country. He was nominated to a series of high positions precisely because he *was* an "uppity black man." And how did conservatives respond to this racial victim story? Some loved seeing liberals get a taste of their own poison. Others were shocked when Thomas gave conservative credibility to a liberal racket. But as we have seen, this was no anomaly: it was Thomas's lifelong record. Because he is black, Thomas knew he could expect deference from guilt-ridden whites. And conservative whites can be the most guilt-ridden of all, because they have been called racists all their lives.

Thomas's strategy worked, of course. And now, in his brief time on the Supreme Court, he has shown us what sort of Justice he is. He leans back in his chair when others lean forward. He barely opens his mouth in a forum where the questions and interjections of the other Justices are incessant. He reads no newspaper or magazine, only the newsletter of what the *Wall Street Journal* calls his "beloved Dallas Cowboys." Nevertheless, his opinions by and large have not been embarrassing because others have had a hand in choosing his clerks. That could change, of course.

Since the line between a conservative racial victimologist and a liberal one is thin, we should not be surprised if Thomas proves to be Thurgood Marshall's successor in unexpected ways. As for the "real" Anita Hill, in regard to whom Brock has done an impressive amount of homework, the most plausible story remains that both she and Thomas were lying. Still, it is his account of Clarence Thomas's life that will be David Brock's most enduring contribution to a sordid chapter in the recent political history of the American Republic.

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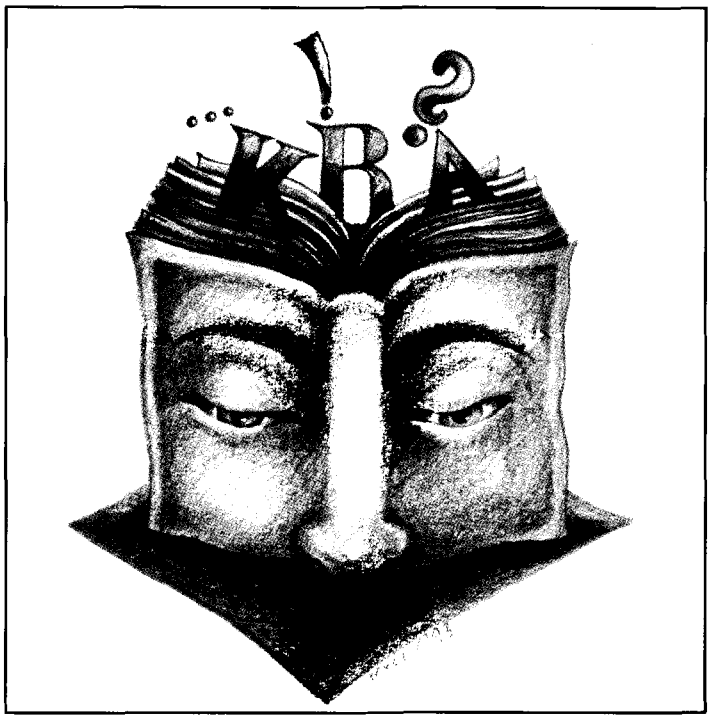
Love and Work in the Modern Age

by Jean Bethke Elshtain



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

From Cottage to Work Station: The Family's Search for Social Harmony in the Industrial Age
by Allan C. Carlson
San Francisco: Ignatius;
181 pp., $12.95

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My mother would call Allan Carlson a man gifted with "common sense." In her eyes this was high praise. She was right in this as in so many things. Carlson's most recent entry into the seemingly interminable debate about "whither the family?" or even "whether the family?" is marked by a refreshingly clear writing style: a crisp recitation of many fascinating historical, economical, and sociological facts; a forthright ethical imperative; and, finally, a rather remarkable restraint in light of the heated polemics that all too often accompany this most central and personal of "academic" subjects. My one regret is that the book will enjoy a smaller audience than it should. For one thing, Carlson is not "politically correct." For another, he writes as an expert "outside" the academy, and academics often have great difficulty crediting that.

"Love is all you need," sang the Beatles. No, it isn't, argues Carlson. We Americans are a notoriously romantic lot. We seem to believe that love and "personal values" and good will can overcome all obstacles and create the world anew, even as we are shocked at the mounting debris, the wreckage in human lives that more and more surrounds us. How could things have gone so wrong when we all meant so well? Carlson helps us to understand what has happened to and with us and why. He assists us in placing in perspective extraordinary claims that are, nowadays, taken for ordinary.

Let me proffer an example of what I have in mind. As I write, I have before me the *New York Times* for Wednesday, July 14, 1993. A front-page headline proclaims: "Census Reports a Sharp Increase Among Never-Married Mothers," with the reassuring subtitle, "Puncturing Stereotypes of Out-of-Wedlock Births." The stereotype that here gets punctured, in the view of the *Times*, is that out-of-wedlock births are tied to poor, uneducated, or minority women. Not so! the *Times* exults, well-nigh giddy at the thought. Everybody's doing it! One finds, for example, a "particularly steep" increase in out-of-wedlock births among "educated and professional women." Of course, what the article is at pains to mask is the fact that, although the overall percentage of "white women and women who attend college" having children without benefit of marriage has risen sharply, this category still accounts for a small percentage of the overall figure of nearly a quarter of the nation's unmarried women becoming mothers, "an increase of almost 60 percent in the past decade." Specifically, women with a bachelor's degree compromise only 6.4 percent of such births; black mothers (who are more likely to be poor and undereducated) account for 55.5 percent, with the overall percentage of babies born to unwed black mothers skyrocketing to 64 percent last year.

Why is the narrative that accompanies these figures designed to steer us aside from the obvious conclusion? Why is the one "expert" the *Times* consulted a professor of sociology at Prince-

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ton who describes herself as a "former divorcée" who has "been a single parent for 10 years"? The *Times* would never describe a counter-expert (had they consulted one) as having been "a married parent for 10 years." While the article notes that critics of single parenthood exist, their views are condemned "as stepping on the toes of those who are trying to support women's independence" by the "expert." So much for the facts. So much for a debate. But what should be noted, in part because it is so startling an example of redescribing a phenomenon in order to make it fit ideologically preferred categories, is the use of the phrase "women's independence." Tell that to a 15-year-old unwed mother living in rundown housing in a violent crack-infested neighborhood in an inner city. I imagine it will brighten her day considerably, dependent as she is upon courts, welfare bureaucracies, the therapeutic arm of the state, whatever may remain of her family structure, and here-today, gone-tomorrow boyfriends.

Beyond the contempt for the difficulty of the lives lived by most unwed mothers and the disdain for the mountain of evidence of how children without fathers are at a disadvantage according to every index of risk we know, this claim of "independence" is an example of the sleight of hand Carlson's tightly reasoned book exposes. Before I turn to his argument, let me note for the record that the best antipoverty program for children is a stable, intact, two-parent family. We *know* this. We know that if one controls for all other factors, the absence of a second parent (most often a father) is implicated in poverty, violence, absence from school, and the future likelihood of another single-parent home. Fully 70 percent of juveniles in state reform institutions grew up in single-parent or no-parent situations.

Carlson's tough-mindedness in this matter is heartening and a challenge to thinkers on the right and the left alike. For he shows that government tinkering and social engineering are more likely to corrode than to cure things, even as campaigns of moral uplift and evangelical fervor and denunciation do little good either. What the government giveth the government can taketh away when those in charge are swept by some new enthusiasm. And where religious belief may encourage marital stability and responsibility, it simply cannot prevail against a society determined to weaken and discredit theological teaching. Few people want their favorite nostrums challenged. The left will rise up and cheer if fundamentalist efforts to restore a traditional, patriarchal family are attacked. The right will shout hosannas when the intrusive "nanny" state is taken to task. So Carlson will please no single side to the controversy. But the most interesting work now being done is work that pleases no single side.

Carlson observes that the American Constitution is remarkable for its failure to mention "family" or "household." This can be explained, in part, by the Framers' commitment to Enlightenment verities of rational self-autonomy. But, more importantly, our forefathers and foremothers assumed the existence of an extra-governmental or nonpolitical sphere of strong families and communities, for these defined the social order in which the American experiment first took root. Things began to change, not so much with feminist (or some other) protest against that social order but with top-level moves to tinker with and define American life. This tinkering was spurred by social realities, of course, but abstract theorists and social engineers also did their part. For example, the Progressive Era was marked by an astonishing optimism about what government might accomplish, if government only had the knowledge and advice of "experts" to comprehend society and design policy appropriate to its problems.

This optimism was applied to a variety of measures designed to "improve" families and family life. As market imperatives severed home production from wage labor, the family was stripped of its "economic, educational, and security functions" and came face to face with "the looming power of its ancient rival, the State." Curiously, the degradation and loss of family autonomy produced by the forces of industrialization and the growth of state power were keenly observed by Marx and Engels, among others. (Their "solution," of course, was to see this stage through and await—or push forward—the moment of resolution when all contradictions would melt away.) What Carlson foresees is less the possibility of melting contradictions than the meltdown of families and communities.

With admirable concision, Carlson analyzes the loss of an informal (or voluntary) family wage and the failure of government-encouraged experiments to create a sustainable family wage—an idea favored, by the way, by many in an earlier generation of feminists. He notes that the growing alliance between "rights-absolutist" or individualist feminism and capitalism won that fight and continues to dominate feminist argumentation. He shows the ways in which the burgeoning of suburbs was no accident but rather a direct result of government and corporate incentives, with government initiatives taking primacy. Federal Housing Administration policy favored the detached, single family dwelling quite literally cut from uniform cloth in conformity with the requirement that housing follow a few basic models.

By the 1950's the "welfare state" really benefited the middle class, who were in the best position to take advantage of low-cost housing loans and most adventitiously placed to indulge in "raw consumerism," a development that "threatened historic American virtues such as modesty and frugality." In the suburban family, what stay-at-home mothers did was isolated from a wider social context and significantly devalued: this is the context from which feminist protest sprung in the 1960's. Writes Carlson: "[O]ther costs of federal housing policy—the loss of regional variation in land use and housing design, the intentional abandonment of extended family bonds, the deliberate weakening of the residual family economy, and the consequent isolation and devaluation of woman in the home—were also imposed, albeit on a deferred basis, beginning in the late 1960's." In accordance with the law of unintended consequences, much of this country's success in guaranteeing separate family dwellings spurred instability in social and economic relations. The story here is a complex one, and I can only urge the reader to consult Carlson's volume for the details.

Faced with the quandary of deeper separation of home life from work life, of women from men and men from women and families, a generation of experts whose work dominated discussion in the 1950's began to call for official buttressing of the family in order to sustain America's competitive edge and leadership in the world. This era saw a "unique bonding of sustained militarism to the expanded welfare state," giving "social planners a powerful tool to effect

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change." Some of the material Carlson brings forward in this discussion is genuinely creepy. For what one finds in overt mandates is an insistence that American society (especially families) must be mobilized *in toto* "in order to allocate its resources in the fullest and most rational manner possible." More intrusion and manipulation—all for "the good" of those being intruded upon and manipulated, of course—resulted. Carlson's discussion of the infusion of this managerial, social-engineering perspective into the armed services and the "home economics" movement is particularly good.

We come to our present impasse. For those who can afford it, there is "Kentucky Fried Children" in the form of franchised daycare outfits. (Or, of course, live-in immigrant housekeepers and childminders for all prospective Attorney Generals.) For others, there is a frantic scramble for tending to the kids and two jobs and a home and, perhaps, elderly parents. "Scientific homemaking" means, in practice, less home, more stress, overworked parents, undernurtured kids. Why should any of this surprise us? Family relationships are not like work relationships. Family relationships are different from friendships. Families rest on "communitarian rather than individualistic principles," and if families are to sustain themselves they must be based on notions of sharing, not notions of efficiency. Neither the logic of markets nor of states (in the form of macro-level top-down social-engineering schemes) can substitute for families, but this logic—to the extent that it intrudes upon and takes over families—can, has, and will continue to corrode actual families and even our idea of families.

Love alone will not hold families together. Religious belief "cannot function as a substitute economy." What Carlson argues so convincingly is that the family that *works together* is more likely to stay together. We need both love and work. Love and intimacy, he concludes, must be "concretely expressed through a common economic life of both production and consumption." Romanticists will never understand this and, at bottom, both the wildest revolutionary and the most stalwart reactionary are romanticists.

My single critical query in respect to Carlson's book is this. If, as the author claims, the family emerges from natural imperatives and there is something akin to a "universal model" for the embodiment of those imperatives in society, why are we witness to such persistent falling away from this norm? Is it because we have so mucked things up that the imperatives cannot win out? Does this mean that, if "left alone" (to the extent that anything and anybody can be left alone by postmodern society), the family industry and autonomy Carlson favors so heartily would reemerge with vigor and clarity? Just how much variation on the male/husbandry, female/housewifery model does Carlson find possible or desirable? We await further contributions from Carlson on these vital questions as we lurch into the next century, hailing as "independent" human institutions that could scarcely be more dependent on often unaccountable and undemocratic forces outside ourselves, whether market or state. C

In Defense of the Traditional Family

From Cottage to Work Station *The Family's Search for Social Harmony in the Industrial Age*

Allan Carlson

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The Self-Same Beast

by Paul Hollander

Judge On Trial
by Ivan Klíma
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
540 pp., $25.00

◆

The collapse of communist systems has not eliminated the need for a better understanding of the impact they had and how and why they persisted. Only in the aftermath of their unraveling has it become possible to gain insight into these matters as books earlier suppressed are published and as the people of the former communist states speak freely of life in the old days. Actually, the transformation of some former communist countries has been so rapid that there is danger that the past will all too quickly be obliterated, that much that ought to be remembered will too soon be forgotten.

As always, literature—and especially good literature—is the best guide to the past. *Judge On Trial* was first published underground in Prague in 1978 and was subsequently revised and published in English in 1986. It was written during the long hopeless years of communist rule in Czechoslovakia; Klima, like most citizens of the communist bloc, had no cause to believe that the system was on the verge of destruction. His book helps us to understand the apparent strength and durability of the communist governments of Eastern Europe and the docility of the majority who lived under them.

The protagonist is a judge who, influenced by the experience of Nazi rule, by his father, and by other members of his family who belong to the minority of believers in Soviet-style socialism, begins his career as a supporter of the communist regime. Having grown up hearing that "politics was the key to everything: happiness, justice and life in general . . . [his] conviction grew that it was the communist movement which embodied courage, conviviality, wisdom, humanity, and all the other virtues." Later in life, the judge recalls how he once believed,

> Where selfishness, envy, and meanness were once rife, friendship and comradely love would prevail. That fanatical and infantile notion of friendship, a street in which an apathetic and hate-filled crowd was transformed into a throng of empathizing and understanding compassions, had captivated him so much that he believed he had answered the fundamental question, he believed he knew how to live.

His youthful enthusiasm, however, gradually weakens under the pressure of experience, including the arrest of his father (an engineer) on trumped-up charges of sabotage. Caution, cynicism, and opportunism replace idealism. The judge's uncle—not unlike Western fellow travelers—finds ways to rationalize the false arrests (including that of his brother) of the period:

> My uncle agreed with me that it was an appalling miscarriage of justice, and gave us a sermon about the incredible complexity of the class struggle, when after losing the decisive battle, the enemy sought to sneak in everywhere. Hence it was necessary to investigate even the most devoted comrades. . . . [The enemy] was employing all sorts of shrewd tactics such as pretending to be a friend. . . . As a result it was impossible and unthinkable to trust people absolutely.

Among the lesser-known aspects of life in the communist system was the extinction of spontaneity under the inexorable pressures the system exerted on the citizen to divorce the public from the private self, to wear what was sometimes called the "party mask," to engage in all sorts of role playing, to become a matter-of-fact public liar. Thus,

> when my uncle had been regaling me with his elegant stories about courage, consciousness, and patriotism . . . he had also been aware of the reverse side of reality: cars that drew up at dawn in front of people's houses; names scratched from the covers of books and from people's memories; the suffering of those taken away and the grief of those left abandoned; and his own fear. He had known it all, but his grave expression and perfect self-control hid everything. He betrayed nothing of that other reality.

While still in high school the judge is tapped to spy on his fellow students and teachers: he is "convinced that [he] would manage to perform all that was required . . . in a totally fair and unbiased manner." Subsequently, at the beginning of his career, "I had to be aware . . . who had me under surveillance, who was reporting on me. . . . I had to consider very carefully whom I could talk to frankly, and who was best avoided." Not surprisingly, alienation under the communist system was far deeper and more widespread than in Western societies. A woman in the novel "abhorred the sort of life in which people were made to act like strangers; in which fear and denunciation ruled, people shunned each other, were frightened to talk to each other, exchange letters, confide in each other; in which people could be accused of having uttered some heretical thought years before; in which people were required to speak a strange official jargon that almost prevented communication." In these circumstances, personal ties assumed exaggerated importance even as they became a source of great stress. Sex became an inexpensive and widely available means of escape.

Klíma is wise enough to know that while the communist system greatly increased human misery and degradation, happiness and personal fulfillment remain difficult and elusive goals no matter what type of political system one lives under. Thus in his historical readings the judge comes to the realization that "beneath the veil of time-honored justice, the mask of redemptive faith and the smile of holy compassion, was hidden the face of the self-same beast. . . . Again and again, it demanded its ration of blood. . . . Always with the same con-

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viction and utter faith in the rightness of its actions."

The hero's perspectives on both the moral and material deprivations of life under socialism and on the complexities of the human condition are deepened by a prolonged academic trip to the United States (where the author himself spent a considerable amount of time). Presumably, this visit contributes to the insight that "one would never find freedom in this world . . . unless one found it in oneself." Also during this visit, the judge "realize[s] for the first time that lack of freedom harms people not only by blocking their path to knowledge and curtailing what they can say and where they can go, but also by damaging the very core of their being and enslaving them by switching their attention to themselves alone. I realized how much energy I had been wasting trying to express in a complicated way and through allusions something which people there [in the West] didn't even bother to express as they took it for granted."

It is the interplay between such insights, born from the experience of life under communism and from the recognition of the more universal burdens and dilemmas of human existence, that the American reader will find rewarding and thought-provoking in this novel.

Paul Hollander is a professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and author of Anti-Americanism *(Oxford) and* Decline and Discontent *(Transaction), both published in 1992.*

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Arguing With Jesus

by Harold O.J. Brown

A Rabbi Talks With Jesus, An Intermillennial, Interfaith Exchange
by Jacob Neusner
New York: Doubleday; 154 pp., $21.00

◆

Professor Neusner, one of the world's most accomplished scholars in the field of religious studies, begins by proclaiming that as a practicing and believing Jew he says a polite "No" to another practicing and believing Jew—but one who made extraordinary claims for himself—Jesus of Nazareth. Both the "No" and the politeness come out clearly in Neusner's book: indeed, politeness is too weak a word to express the respect that the rabbi feels for this enigmatic figure who changed the chronology of world history and in the process relegated Israel to a different and at times more painful kind of marginalization than its people had experienced during any of the tumultuous centuries B.C.

Through the centuries, there have been a number of books by Jewish authors claiming to discredit Jesus and the Church, some alleging that Jesus was a charlatan and an imposter, or that his disciples perpetrated a monstrous fraud in order not to lose their investment in him, or that, beginning at least with Paul, the message of Jesus—Jesus's own religion, if we may put it this way was distorted into a "Jesus religion." Indeed, not a few Christian and other Gentile scholars have contributed to this variety of interpretation, which seeks ultimately to banish the influence of Jesus from civilization.

Jacob Neusner's book is altogether different. He does not accept the traditional Christian understandings of Jesus: he could not and remain "only" a practicing and believing Jew (we must add the "only" to recognize that there are Jewish converts to Christianity who contend that they continue to be practicing and believing Jews but "completed" ones). How can a Jew seek to refute Jesus without antagonizing Christians? The clue to Neusner's ability lies in what he calls "arguing *with* Jesus." He points out that Abraham, Moses, and Job disputed *with* God—thus even those who confess the deity of Christ can hardly fault Neusner for imitating those Old Testament patriarchs.

Citing the example of Jews from the Babylonian Exile to the present, Neusner calls upon Christians to be willing to argue: "The really elite of our faith, the masters (and now, mistresses too!) spend long hours arguing about the statements of the Torah. . . . This is our highest action in the service of God, once we have done our duty to our fellow human beings. . . . We regard argument as an exercise in the use of what we share with God, what makes us like God, which is our minds. . . . Argument is a gesture of respect, not offense."

Neusner confronts the paradoxical claim of Jesus to fulfill the Law (the Torah) and at the same time to go beyond it: the so-called antithesis of the Sermon on the Mount, "Ye have heard that it was said . . . but I say unto you . . ." He gives Jesus great credit for seeking out the poor, the meek, the merciful, and the peacemakers, but only partial credit for his condemnations of the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, which "contain both valid criticism of an excess of public piety, but also a rejection of Israel, the community. . . . If what Jesus meant was that public prayer is improper, then he has called into question the Torah's fundamental premise, which is that Israel serves God not one by one but all together and all at once." And this brings him to one of his basic conflicts: the Gospel as Jesus proclaimed it—and certainly as his followers have practiced it—creates division between individuals and peoples, and especially between the followers of Jesus and the community: "'Because,' I would reply (to the disciples of Jesus), 'when God speaks through Moses, it is to all of Israel, but your master speaks to you. The rest of us are outsiders. And God does not know outsiders in Israel, only sinners, whom the Torah teaches to repent.'" He acknowledges Jesus as a prophet, but not as an Israeli prophet. "He talks like an outsider,

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or if he is the insider, then much that he says makes the rest of us outsiders."

Indeed, this is the Jews' long-standing quarrel with Jesus and the Christians: despite their claim to be the legitimate prolongation of biblical Israel, and to honor the Jews, Christians have made Jews outsiders. (Of course, it was not the Christians who started this, inasmuch as the Jews have long been what Peter also calls the Christians, "a peculiar people.") Jesus wants Jews to leave home and family, Neusner protests, to belong to the Israel of the future. He replies, "But, sir, the Israel of home and family is where I am."

Rabbi Neusner lays great stress on the organic continuity and integrity of Israel as the people of God. Jesus clearly calls for personal conversion, and although the words are Paul's, Neusner would agree that they reflect Jesus's demands: "Come ye out from among them." One thing that is missing in Neusner's treatment is the question of the Gentiles. Jesus, and particularly the disciples, wanted to reach those outside of historic Israel and to integrate them into the new *laos tou theou*, the people of God, by personal conversion and baptism. To the extent that this mission to the Gentiles was successful, it left those who claimed not to need conversion in the Christian sense—while certainly not denying the need for repentance in Neusner's sense—and who did not want to be baptized, "outside," and, because they are not part of "the Israel of faith," they fall under Paul's stricture, "Not all Israel is Israel."

Professor Neusner's book is short but profound, and a brief review cannot do it justice. Much of the book is taken up by disputes, in true Talmudic fashion, with various apparent contradictions or paradoxes in Jesus's positions, such as "Be holy" vs. "Be perfect," "Honor thy father and mother" vs. "I have come to set a man against his father . . ." Nevertheless, it seems to me that Neusner's main criticism lies in the fact that Jesus appeals to the future, wants to build the Church as the Israel to come. Christianity has always been future-oriented, or eschatological in outlook, to use the technical theological term. (Judaism too has an eschatological perspective, but with certain exceptions it has never played the role that it does in Christianity.)

Indeed, the very term *ekklesia* means "the called out [assembly]." It would seem that as Neusner understands Israel's calling, it is to *be*; Jesus, as he sees him, is calling men and women to *become*. Albert Schweitzer, the great organist and musicologist who became first a Christian theologian and then a missionary doctor, gave up teaching Christian theology because he was convinced that it was impossible to separate Jesus the "good Teacher" from his eschatological conviction that he would "come with glory in the clouds of heaven," the very statement in Mark 14:63 that caused the High Priest to rend his garments and cry, "What need we any further witnesses?"

There is one curious aspect of Professor Neusner's analysis that must still be mentioned. Jesus does divide people from one another, the converted from the unconverted, and did bring, as he promised, at least in many situations, "not peace but a sword." However, Jews have from the very beginning been a "called out" people. Holiness in Jewish as well as Christian understanding means "separated unto the Lord." From Abraham through Moses to the modern state of Israel, Jews have been "coming out" from among the Gentiles, whether individually, as in Abraham's case, or collectively, as with Moses. Once Jews have "come out" of Egypt, so to speak, have they done all the coming out that God requires? Even when we are dealing with the hundredth or so generation of Jews since the time of Moses? What Neusner objects to in Jesus's appeal to the Jews is that Jesus is not satisfied with their having come out *then* and being physically separate as a distinct community *now*, but wants them to come out again, if we may say so, and to create a new community at the cost of losing the old. "For Jesus, 'you' is as often singular as plural. But for the Torah, from Sinai onward, 'you' is always plural," writes Neusner. He is right: the "you" of Jesus is very frequently a "thou," and he does call individuals as well as peoples and nations. But isn't there a "thou" in the Ten Commandments, too? Even if the "thou's" of the commandments are addressed to Israel the people, isn't there a legitimate singular, individual thou, too, for, as the spiritual says, "Not my sister, not my brother, it's me, Lord, standin' in the need of prayer"?

Well, there is, as Neusner says, no way to solve this: he wants followers of Jesus to remain Christians and for Jews to preserve their distinctive spiritual and physical community. Our rabbinical author has smoothed over some of the glaring conflicts between Jews and Christians and left us with some puzzles we shall hardly be able to solve. But as he says, we must leave the final verdict to God.

Harold O.J. Brown is the director of The Rockford Institute Center on Religion and Society and Forman Professor of Theology and Ethics at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School in Deerfield, Illinois.

The Shock of Recognition

by J.O. Tate

Melville & Turner: Spheres of Love and Fright
by Robert K. Wallace
Athens: University of Georgia Press; 664 pp., $75.00

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The academic presses are often the source of the most exciting books, though these volumes too often escape the notice of the larger public. Robert Wallace's study of Melville and Turner will no doubt find its place in university libraries, but I think such a work should be included in community and private libraries, since what it says and implies ought to be of concern these days to many who are not graduate students. If war is too important to leave to the generals, culture is too important to delegate to seminars—or ovulars, as the case may be.

Professor Wallace of Northern Kentucky University has produced another scholarly work that is insightful, stirring, interdisciplinary, and extraordinarily suggestive—as we have come to expect from him. His first book, *A Century of Music-Making: The Lives of Josef and Rosina Lhevinne* (1976), was a double biography and remains an indisputable source for the music-lover and a treat for the piano buff. Wallace's *Jane Austen and Mozart: Classical Equilibrium in Fiction and Music* (1983) dared to undertake a comparison that naturally suggests itself, but which no one had ever pursued in such

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an extended fashion. That book teaches us much about Mozart as well as about Jane Austen; but even better it demonstrates something vital about the culture of the day as suggested in the constructions of two great artists. It remains one of the best books ever written about literature and music.

Emily Brontë and Beethoven: Romantic Equilibrium in Fiction and Music (1986) is a companion volume of equal finish and an essential study of Romanticism. No volume I have ever encountered—until this new one—matches its exploration of the phenomenology of the Romantic imagination. In that sense, it anticipates Wallace's extended treatment of Herman Melville and J.M.W. Turner, with the obvious difference that, this time around, the analogy with literature is grounded in a different field of art. In his book on Brontë, he showed how Beethoven can be seen not only as a model for Heathcliff but also as a powerful and liberating force—a musical Shakespeare. Similarly, in this study of Melville, Wallace presents Turner as a nonliterary imaginative power, one also in competition with the Elizabethan playwright.

Melville & Turner is an exhaustive exploration of the world of graphic art and art criticism in Anglo-American culture in the first half of the 19th century. Reading Melville's mind, it shows, through his recreation of Turner's consciousness in his own work, his relationship to the art world and his response by word-painting. Turner's oils, water colors, and prints are exhaustively explored as keys, analogues, and inspirations for Melville's scenes, images, and rhetorical flights. We are also shown the larger context of literary comment on art, and Melville's awareness of the art world to which he was introduced by Evert Duyckinck. Wallace discusses Melville's reading and its influences on his prose. Ruskin's *Modern Painters I*, Eastlake's *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts*, and Hazlitt's *Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England* are only three of the strongest presences that Wallace glosses for their hold on Melville's mind.

The focus on graphic art and aesthetic theory is strong enough to forestall another and more conventional awareness. Perhaps the climax of Wallace's argument is to identify the character Bulkington, who disappears early in *Moby-Dick*, as a covert transmogrification of Turner himself. But as with the "boggy, soggy, squitchy picture" Ishmael early encounters, such episodes can be accounted for to some degree in terms of literary models. The famous oil painting surely owes a lot to Turner's whaling paintings, but it is also a traditional epic figure of *ekphrasis*—the work of art within the poem. The obvious examples from Homer and Vergil were also on Melville's mind. Bulkington owes a lot to Vergil's Palinurus, and therefore to the Homeric precedent in the *Odyssey*—Melville cues us that he is writing an epic by recapitulating epic forms and actions.

But of course Wallace does not deny any such truth. Rather he shows elaborately and decisively the effects of Melville's submersion in the world of art and the shadow of Turner:

> Melville's praise of the "infinite obscure" of Hawthorne's (and Shakespeare's) "back-ground" brings his "Mosses" essay even closer to Ruskin's mode of praising Turner (and Shakespeare) in *Modern Painters*. So does the example he uses to illustrate the Ruskinian truth that "it is the least part of genius that attracts admiration." Of Shakespeare's "endless commentators and critics," there are a "few" who "seem to have remembered or even perceived, that the immediate products of a great mind are not so great, as that undeveloped (and sometimes undevelopable) yet dimly-discernable greatness, to which these immediate products are but the infallible indices." For Melville, "it is those deep far-away things in him; those occasional flashings-forth of the intuitive Truth in him; those short quick probings at the very axis of reality:—these are the things that make Shakespeare, Shakespeare." These same qualities, in *Modern Painters*, make Turner, Turner. These, too, are the qualities that make Melville, Melville, especially in *Moby-Dick*.

Wallace's *Melville & Turner* is not only a grand instruction in the achievement of two great explorers, one in the literary, the other in the graphic, arts, it is a towering demonstration of what is meant by "the Sublime." Though this study greatly enriches our understanding specifically of Melville and Turner, I can think of no other work that more precisely shows how the Romantic anticipates the Modern. Thar she blows! Robert K. Wallace has written a whale of a book about the consciousness behind the great American novel.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

Almost an Idol

by H.W. Crocker III

Stonewall: A Biography of General Thomas J. Jackson
by Byron Farwell
New York: W.W. Norton & Company; 512 pp., $29.95

◆

Why does the South adore Stonewall Jackson? He was not a particularly lovable man. And he was certainly not a romantic, dashing cavalier, like Jeb Stewart; a stainless aristocrat calmly daring all the odds, like Robert E. Lee; or even a wizard of the saddle, like Bedford Forrest. Yet at Stone Mountain, Georgia—the Confederacy's Mount Rushmore—it is Jackson who is memorialized, with Lee and Jefferson Davis: the odd, eccentric, dour, stern Presbyterian, who during the invasion of Maryland "locked himself in the parlor to write a dispatch to Lee and to escape the admiring crowds, [who] would not be denied. They called to him through the shutters and doors. They pulled hairs from his horse's tail until a staff officer drove them away. . . . After a shutter was broken and the windows were endangered, Jackson gave up and admitted the mob, mostly women and children, who swarmed over him, throwing red and white roses. . . . 'Really, ladies,' he protested, 'this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy.'" It is also the litigious, unyielding, rough-visaged hero, who, a month after Antietam, was accosted by a young mother who wanted him to bless her 18-month-old son:

> Jackson, astride [his mount]
> Sorrel, seemed no more surprised,

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said Captain Charles Blackford, "than Queen Elizabeth at being asked to touch for the 'King's Evil.'" He took the infant tenderly in his arms, "until his graying beard touched the fresh young hair of the child." To bystanders he seemed to be praying. Soldiers standing about removed their caps, and the young woman bowed her head on Sorrel's shoulder. Then he handed the child back without a word and rode off down the road.

Byron Farwell's *Stonewall* is a meticulously researched, well-written, if dispassionate reassessment of this Cromwell who rode with Virginia's cavaliers. The picture Farwell paints is not an entirely attractive one. Jackson was completely unforgiving with subordinates but prone to lapses himself, particularly in the battles of The Seven Days. He was a poor judge of men, preferring to surround himself with parsons and favorites than with talented professionals. And the secrecy with which he guarded his battle plans could appear less as justifiable security than as a means to dodge blame and responsibility. But there is something poignant about Jackson, the self-made man who triumphed over his early lack of education and pushed through West Point by sheer force of will; the unlikely professor whose fading eyesight led him to avoid reading in the evening and instead to concentrate in silence, staring at the wall as he memorized his lecture for the following day; and the brave veteran of the Mexican War who with his poor hearing and hypochondria (the latter of which disappeared whenever he was campaigning) would have been remembered by his students at the Virginia Military Institute as "Tom Fool" Jackson if the War Between the States hadn't given him his opportunity for fame, glory, and success. That fame, of course, came at a bloody price, swallowing up hundreds of thousands of lives, including Jackson's own.

Like Lee, Jackson had been a Unionist, and at one point during his tenure at VMI, Jackson had even come to doubt the morality of war, except in a defensive cause. (For him, and for many another Southerner, the Civil War was, without the irony that surrounds this phrase today, a War of Northern Aggression.) Like Lee also, Jackson was no bigot: he had admired the women in Mexico, he liked to pepper his letters with Spanish words (he considered Spanish a more romantic language than English), he was thoroughly Protestant in his own faith but never countenanced anti-Catholicism, and he was famously the energetic and ardent pastor of a black Sunday school. But Jackson was unwilling to see abolition forced upon the South at the point of a bayonet. For him, slavery was justified and tempered by the laws of the Bible.

Jackson was unhesitatingly prepared to defend the South, its spiritual and constitutional liberty and its way of life against an aggressive federal power—and to do so with Old Testament fury. The men he led, as described by a female Unionist observer, were not slave owners or masters, but poor, Southern good old boys, who are still recognizable today:

> . . . were these dirty, lank, ugly specimens of humanity, with shocks of hair sticking through the holes in their hats, and thick dust on their dirty faces, the men who had coped and countered successfully, and driven back again and again our splendid legions . . .?
>
> I wish you could see how they behaved—a crowd of schoolboys on a holiday don't seem happier. They are on the broad grin all the time. Oh! They are so dirty!
>
> They were very polite, I must confess. . . . Many of them were bare-footed. Indeed, I felt sorry for the poor misguided wretches, for some were limping along so painfully, trying to keep up with their comrades.

These were the men who endured the true, awful violence and ugly horror of Americans fighting Americans, with men torn apart by stinging bullets and screaming artillery, men pummeling each other with rocks and clubs, tearing at each other's flesh with bayonet and knife.

Jackson showed no fear with bombs bursting and bullets whizzing all around him. And he certainly showed no sentimentality in his gruesome business. When it came to taking Yankee prisoners, Jackson believed it was "cheaper to feed them than to fight them." But he also shed no tears for gallant Union soldiers. When asked how his outnumbered forces could hold back the Federals at Fredericksburg, he shot back, "Kill them, sir! Kill every one." This was the man who, in an after-battle letter to his wife, admonished her, "You must give fifty dollars for church purposes, and more should you be disposed. Keep an account of the amount, as we must give at least one tenth of our income."

It is his psychological complexity, perhaps, that makes Jackson resonate so profoundly in the Southern soul—the faith, disciplined good manners, and formal courtesy behind which lay violent impulses eager to defend the civilization that nurtured all these virtues. In his highly individual character is the glory and the tragedy of an entire region of America. When he died, a victim of the fog of war, shot by his own men, a Confederate soldier, Alexander Tedford Barclay, expressed the thought of many in a letter to his sister: "A deep gloom is over the camp over the death of Gen. Jackson. He was taken away from us because we made almost an idol of him." Today, Stonewall Jackson is long gone. But in the hearts of the ever-nostalgic South, the idol remains.

H.W. Crocker III is a writer in Sacramento, California.

LIBERAL ARTS

ART AND ALIENS

Three NEA-funded artists who "specialize in making defiant cultural statements" handed out signed $10 bills to illegal aliens at a day-laborer site near San Diego last August, reports the *Los Angeles Times*. The "public art piece" was commissioned by two local museums from a $250,000 grant given to them in 1989 by the NEA. The idea behind the taxpayer-funded project was that, as the marked money circulates, people will see how migrants contribute to the economy. Says U.S. Representative Randy Cunningham (R-CA), "This is outrageous. I can scarcely imagine a more contemptuous use of taxpayers' hardearned dollars. If artists want to hand out cash to illegal aliens, let it be their own."

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Letter From Sweden

by Allan Carlson

The Nationalism of Jan Myrdal

◆

Jan Myrdal, the brooding bad boy of Swedish letters, agreed to meet with me on a Sunday afternoon, at his home near the village of Mariefred. I went to ask this iconoclastic celebrant of China's Cultural Revolution (*Report From a Chinese Village*), merciless public critic of his famous parents Gunnar and Alva (*Childhood*), and author of 70 other books (including *Confessions of a Disloyal European*) about nationalism and modern Sweden. In my own volume on his parents' role in shaping the Swedish welfare state in the 1930's, I had noted Gunnar Myrdal's "mild" nationalism. But I was unhappy with my characterization, feeling I had missed something important. I hoped Jan Myrdal might help solve the puzzle.

Heavy snow was falling when I arrived, and the narrow country road proved treacherous. Gun Kessle, artist, photographer, and Myrdal's companion for several decades now, stood at the door, waving to warn me about the sharp drop-off to the lake below. Then Myrdal, dressed in German hunting knickers and a heavy Norrland sweater, strode out into the snow, a character out of Strindberg.

He guided me into his cottage, painted the Falu red common to the Swedish countryside. We sat in a room with pine paneling, pine ceiling and floor, and he waited for me to start. I asked about the remark in his book *Childhood* that anyone wanting to understand Sweden's Social Democrats, the architects of the famed "Middle Way," would do better to read Rudolf Kjellén than Marx. His eyes lit up. "Yes, of course," he said, and he sprang to a circular stairway that led to his vast library below. Soon he returned with a 1909 essay, "*Nationalism och socialism*," by Kjellén.

This professor of geography at the University of Lund pioneered the idea of geopolitics and was among the first thinkers to advocate a "national socialism" unifying Sweden's economic classes, as opposed to the "international" proletariat socialism of Marx. As an undergraduate, the story goes, Gunnar Myrdal had fallen under Kjellén's spell, deeply impressed by his commitment to God, king, and soil; his opposition to democracy and equality; his advocacy of economic autarchy; his attention to the health and fecundity of the Swedish population as the literal "body" of the nation; and his embrace of a program of old-age pensions and social insurance that would bring peace to the warring Swedish classes. (In this period, the 21-year-old Gunnar Myrdal would write such memorable passages as: "Democratic politics is *absurd* and it is irresponsible. . . . [W]omen's entrance onto the political field turns the masses still more to the mass, increasing their susceptibility to suggestion and sinking further their sense of judgement—if that is possible. Indeed, one might even ask if this increase in [the masses'] suggestability might not have an erotic coloration.") Gunnar Myrdal reportedly showed particular interest in Kjellén's 1916 book *The State as a Life-Form*, where the author argued for the literal truth of his title.

But Kjellén, I said, is widely regarded as a precursor to the German Nazis, the first architect of the *Lebensraum* justification used by the Germans in World War II. Could his organic statism really be Gunnar Myrdal's quiet inspiration? Jan Myrdal responded by another bolt to the library downstairs. He returned with a copy of *Our Fatherland and Its Defense*, the 1930 edition of a book given to each new Swedish soldier. He showed me the section on "*Var folkstam*," or "Our Tribe," which openly declared the racial superiority of the Swedish people. "Racism was official state policy in Sweden," he said, and I noted that the late 20th-century mind relishes the distortion of the past, including a denial of the truth that national socialism took many forms in the 1930's. But he replied: "Of course, Gunnar could never be a real Nazi. He couldn't stand the discipline." And he told the story of how his father, on seeing a door marked "No exit," would invariably stride boldly through, telling his children: "Such rules are not for Gunnar Myrdal!"

Gun Kessle joined us, bearing the obligatory coffee and cakes. I asked them both about Sweden's pending application to join the Common Market and what this might mean to Swedish identity. Myrdal again dashed to the library and returned with the 1720 text of the Swedish peasants' memorial to their new king. At the end of a ruinous war against Russia, the peasants asked their sovereign to impose no more foreign masters over them, specifically citing the Germans and the French. And understanding that in war it is always the peasantry that pays dearest in blood and treasure, they urged their king to secure "peace . . . peace . . . peace."

That sounded like Sweden's modern neutrality policy, I said, and his eyes sparked: "Exactly! And that is what is at stake in the E.C. question." Myrdal outlined the course of what he called "Swedish specificity," which deliberately kept this land to the north out of step with the Continent. Sweden's long commitment to autarchy at home—including, in this century, homegrown automobile, airplane, and defense industries and a heavily subsidized farming sector—grew out of a fear of being swallowed up by a "great power" to the east, south, or west. "Small nations can trust no large nation," he said. "Remember, it was Olof Palme who argued in the late 1950's for a Swedish A-Bomb." Publicly, this future socialist prime minister worried about the Russians. Privately, he worried about the Germans.

So what did they think of Carl Bildt, the youthful, conservative prime minister of Sweden who has placed union with Europe at the heart of his political program? There was a strange silence. Then Myrdal said: "Bildt, like everyone in his social class for a hundred years, seeks to turn Sweden over to the Germans." Gun Kessle hissed: "Bildt is a traitor!"

Myrdal explained that like every small country Sweden cannot trust "the international community." "Will the Italians really come to our aid if the Russians again start to march?" He sneered at the United Nations and its phony legal framework and promises. The U.N. Convention on Human Rights, he said, directly threatened the historic rights and equalities of Swedes, such as the ancient Germanic concept of "everyman's right" of access to privately held forests

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and lakes. I asked: Did Sweden's contemporary Social Democrats, now enjoying a strong revival in the opinion polls as the conservatives take the fall for decades of socialist mismanagement, understand this? No, he replied, the "populist left" in Sweden had died in the early 1960's, replaced by a "so-called left" that was committed to smashing morality, to destroying the family, and to crushing traditional institutions. "Alva had much to do with this," he volunteered.

Today, he continued, the socialist party leaders were fat with power, cut off from the common people, and committed to a false concept of equality. The intellectuals, too, were selling out. I noted that in America, the going rate for an intellectual's soul and pen seemed to be the cost of a round-trip ticket to Paris, as the Unification Church had discovered 20 years ago. Myrdal said that the price of a Swedish intellectual was cheaper still, and he ticked off the names of journalists and professors who had sold out to the internationalists.

He talked with great affection of the days of Per Albin Hansson, Sweden's socialist prime minister in the 1930's, who had recast his party's ideological message in a populist, "folkish," nationalist way through speeches such as "Sweden for the Swedes" and concepts such as *folkhemmet* ("the people's home"). Gunnar and Alva's "population policies," seeking more marriages and more births, fit well into this framework.

Did he have hope for the renewal of a "tradition-oriented left"? Yes, he thought that the war of the "false left-wing" against the family was faltering. This time, leading me down the spiral staircase into his library, he produced copies of *Smabrukaren*, the magazine of Sweden's contemporary small-farmers' movement, which is struggling "to reattach the Swedish people to the land." He cited the young intellectuals (including his son, a historian of agrarian Sweden) centered around the magazine *Folkets Historia* (*The People's History*). He hoped that the looming conflict over entry into the Common Market, to which polls showed a majority of Swedes opposed, might help recreate a "left" at peace with nation and tradition.

What was wrong with the faltering Swedish economy? He showed me a recent book of his, *Mekana*, on the history and "ideology" of the Swedish erector set. Sweden's economic troubles, he said, came from the loss of its people's ability to innovate. "The Swedish children who played with Mekana knew how to create." Along with the children of the farmers, these tinkers had built modern Sweden. But such things were no longer encouraged in the schools, where American-style "democratic equality" had triumphed.

Myrdal seemed to be getting tired. Some of his sentences began to trail off. I needed to be back on the road, to Stockholm. I thanked him for his time. "You know," he said as I left, "Gunnar never could understand my fascination for mechanical things, or for animals."

Allan Carlson is the president of The Rockford Institute and the publisher of Chronicles.

Letter From France

by Christine Haynes

Academia Abroad

◆

Many alumni of a junior year abroad summarize their experience as "enjoyable," "enlightening," or even "empowering." Others rely on their senses in recalling the niceties of life in another country: they remember the smell of warm bread wafting from a *pâtisserie*, the sight of a bustling and colorful Saturday-morning market, the sound of high-pitched horns coming from impatient Peugeots and Renaults. In writing about the year I spent studying at the Université de Provence in Aix-en-Provence, France, I could fall back on my promenades along the Cours Mirabeau or naps in the Mediterranean sun or climbs on Cézanne's Mte. Ste.-Victoire. But just for the sake of novelty (and in order to fool my parents) I will focus instead on what I observed as a student.

In fact, one of my most memorable experiences abroad was an introductory literature course on "*Les idées politiques et sociales du XIXième siècle*," or "The Political and Social Ideas of 19th-Century France," as it was translated on my University of Michigan transcript. Held for an hour and a half every Wednesday evening, the course was somewhat less ambitious than its caption might indicate in that it treated the ideas of only two of the era's political and social thinkers. Under the guidance of Professeur Bruno Viard (the very image of a French professor in his tortoise-shell glasses, moustache, and pea-green corduroys), our class of 30 students spent an entire school year examining and comparing small portions of the work of Alexis de Tocqueville and Pierre Leroux. While the first is known and admired for his incisive and prophetic views on American-style democracy, the second is no less incisive and prophetic in his own way, and he deserves a brief introduction.

A typographer and journalist who associated with the likes of George Sand and the Saint-Simonians, Pierre Leroux (1797-1871) contributed several key concepts to early socialist thought. In fact, he was the first writer to use the word "socialism," which he contrasted with another recent addition to the vocabulary of the time, "individualism." A good 15 years before Marx, in an 1834 essay called "*De l'individualisme et du socialisme*," Leroux defined socialism as "the exaggeration of the idea of association, or of society." He also beat Marx to the punch in defining "class struggle" as "the battle of those who do not possess the instruments of labor against those who do," as "the struggle of the proletariats against the bourgeoisie." One of Leroux's main arguments was that both absolute liberty and absolute equality are dangerous. Whereas unrestrained individualism turns men into wolves and leaves them with an "imperceptible dwarf" for a state, untempered socialism gives birth to the guillotine and transforms the state into a "giant Hydra." As Leroux describes it, the Scylla of absolute liberty and the Charybdis of absolute equality are the two political perils between which the social scientist must maneuver. Yet according to him, safe passage between them lies not in any political utopia, but rather in the "sentiment of fraternity."

Based as it is on the abstract republican triad of liberty, equality, and fraternity, Leroux's philosophy of political and social progress is idealistic, to say the least. But his significance lies not in his proposed solution to the modern struggle between the individual and society, but rather in his definition of this struggle. As my professor wrote in an essay on

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the relationship between liberty and equality according to Tocqueville and Leroux, the latter's contribution was "to designate two symmetrical chasms whereas both the right and the left had counted (for the previous two centuries) only one social scourge." Leroux's description of individualism and socialism as "two loaded pistols pointed in opposite directions" strikes me as one of the most vivid (and prophetic) images of the Cold War world.

More than any image or idea, however, what has stuck with me in the two years since I completed Professeur Viard's course is an appreciation of the sheer amount of time we spent dissecting a mere portion of Leroux's work. From the middle of November to the beginning of February, we concentrated solely on "*De l'individualisme*" and "*De l'égalité*," a long essay on the evolution of the principle of equality. Never, in any of the history, literature, or Great Books classes I have taken in the United States, has a professor devoted so many class periods to such a small amount of reading, let alone by such an unknown figure as Pierre Leroux. Leroux is not even in the French history books, yet we spent hours scrutinizing four or five pages of his essays at a time.

My amazement stems not from a sense of being let off easy. On the contrary, this class was one of the most challenging I have yet taken. For, in requiring us to spend months searching out clues to Leroux's system of thinking and evidence for his theses rather than allowing us to skim quickly for his overall meaning, Professeur Viard made us *think*—something most of the Americans in his class had never mastered during the "learning" by rote that is our undergraduate education these days.

His method was not that of a mad scholar impassioned about some marginal worker-philosopher, but rather that of the French professorate as a whole. For his was not by any means the only course in which I was required to probe passages of text. Time and again, on works of both fiction and nonfiction, for an oral presentation or for a written exam, I was asked to perform an *explication de texte*. The French center so much of their education upon this method that college-age students have the routine down pat: whether or not they have studied for an exam, they know how to go through an elaborate ritual of "drawing near to the text" at hand, picking out the main ideas and constructing paragraphs around them. The *explication* consists of concentrating on one short chapter or section of a work at a time; plucking adjectives, adverbs, and metaphors out of a passage for comment; examining the diction, syntax, and verb tense of a section; and noting changes in any of these elements throughout a text. All of these processes provide hints to an author's tone and meaning, on which a student is prepared to comment only after extensive study.

With a line like "The principle of authority, even when disguised under the fashionable name of devotion, is no better than the principle of egotism, hiding under the fashionable name of liberty" from "*De l'individualisme*," for example, a perceptive reader would comment on the parallel structure. Comparing "principle," "disguised," and "fashionable name" in the first half of the sentence with "principle," "hiding," and "fashionable name" in the second half, he would conclude that the two subjects, authority and egotism (or devotion and liberty), are *equal* evils. Indeed, our perceptive reader would probably remark that this line is consistent with the images of Scylla and Charybdis and of two loaded pistols that Leroux uses to show how socialism and individualism are the two political perils to be avoided in the modern world. A single sentence thus illuminates the deeper meaning of the whole work.

What is the goal of all this rigamarole? To improve the analytical skills and hone the thought processes of students. Students trained in this method can do more than regurgitate a professor's predigested pabulum or spout forth "opinions"; they perform mental gymnastics, displaying both discipline and grace. In American university courses, students are coddled by professors who emphasize discussion at the expense of instruction, even as they are required by these same professors to ingest up to 500 pages per course per week. This is especially true of the so-called survey courses, where teaching assistants wander aimlessly with students through a maze of lecture notes and readings. Compare this with the French system, where even in introductory classes like "The Roman Empire From Augustus to Trajan" the focus is on confronting ancient inscriptions and primary accounts rather than on thumbing through chapter after chapter of textbooks and coursepacks. For me, an American student transplanted abroad and then back again, this method made me a better reader not only in French but also in English.

As the year went along, I began to see how the pace of my courses merely reflected the pace of life in France, generally. The French *méthode de texte* is all of a piece with the French *méthode de vie*: whether in education, in cuisine, or in conversation, the French attitude is to take one's time. The haste that, in America, yields Cliff Notes, fast food, and empty promises like "Let's do lunch" simply has no place in French classrooms, eateries, or relationships. While it takes longer to study a subject, prepare and consume a meal, or forge a friendship according to the French way of doing things, the result is ultimately more thorough, flavorful, and lasting. But this *façon de vivre* does not develop out of nowhere: French boys and girls imbibe their manners from the institutions of their culture, including the schools. The French educational system forms the character of the Frenchman.

To be sure, there are significant problems with the French educational system. Because students are started down a certain educational path early on and exercise little choice in courses, they sometimes lack drive or enthusiasm for their field of study. They also tire, as anybody would, of the structure and regiment of their assignments. But coming from a system in which both course and degree requirements are increasingly relaxed, a more rigorous academic routine made my year in Provence more than just a series of pleasures and amusements. It was the real beginning of my education.

Christine Haynes is the assistant editor of Chronicles.

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Letter From Hungary

by Thomas Molnar

Culture vs. Colonization

◆

Eastern Europe's adversary today, now that communism is dead, is the mélange of brutal liberalism pouring in as an ideological menace from America. Those who will shape the new Eastern Europe want very much a renewal of cultural links with the West, but they already sense that a severe selection will have to be effected in the list of its Greek gifts, which create, as in ancient Troy, distrust as much as gratitude. The reestablishment of cultural links is by necessity politicized to some extent, since those calling themselves "nationalists" or "populists" have a different view of culture and politics than those calling themselves "liberals" or "cosmopolites."

However, culture (which next to politics is the great force) remains and respect for culture is pervasive enough to inspire hope. While political events are literally devilish—the Slovaks have dug a new channel for the Danube, ruining parts of northern Hungary; Armenia and Azerbaijan are still at war; conflicts between Germans and Poles, Croats and Serbs go on, etc.—culture emerges as an expression of supranational solidarity, or at least of exchanged glances and words beyond borders. Vaclav Havel made a beautiful speech as a new foreign member of the French *Institut des sciences politiques et morales* (Mgr. Ratzinger, Prince Charles, and the King of Spain are also honorary members) in which he warned public figures against the hubris of rushing time, of impatience, of universal planning. (Are you listening President Clinton, Fukuyama, *tutti quanti*?)

No week goes by in any of the region's capitals or even secondary centers without the holding of an international symposium, where the important thing is not what is produced but the reality of warming relations among strangers, even enemies. The various nations' cultural embassies are reactivated; the Italians and the French send lecturers, exhibits, whole programs, and invitations with generous scholarships; governments offer lavish tours to foreign specialists and journalists; even Turkey recently invited viewers from as far as Chile to inspect the new finds at Ephesus, one of Christianity's birthplaces.

The political intention is never too far from these official occasions, but let me emphasize again that after a half-century of hibernation they open up new channels for friendship and, for the locals, give a feeling of acceptance and reintegration. Within the circle of larger events, sponsored by governments, foundations, and businesses, there are the smaller ones, organized by religious authorities, which permit the chronicling of the suffering under Marxist regimes. In this respect, the communist regimes had an intriguingly selective policy in cultural matters that many have come to praise in retrospect. The enormous loans these regimes had taken out from international banks led, in part, to the domestication of intellectuals: books were widely and lavishly published, while underpriced; concerts and exhibits were favored with heavy royalties and underpriced tickets; the restoration of old buildings, including medieval ruins, proceeded very well, employing archeologists and historians. Publishers and impresarios profited considerably, as did the cultured classes, except of course the multitude of those who refused to sell themselves.

Today's cultural life suffers from reductions in all these fields, and publishers have three choices: get out of business; sell their firms to book speculators who then convert them into video stores or market the cheap junk that floods in from the West; or vie for the modest manna that some banks and the government hand out twice a year to facilitate the publication of some 300 titles judged to be meritorious, although not necessarily financially profitable. This situation creates strange occurrences. My first book sold out in two months (1,500 copies), but the second received no government backing, with the argument that its 3,000 copies would sell anyway on the market. But nobody denies—in Europe, not America—that cultural matters need government support. Whether in Prague, in Warsaw, in Kiev, in Budapest, bookstores are numerous and full of customers, though they are forced to choose among relatively few offerings: publishers are unable to pay for works, local and imported. Nevertheless, scholarly and scientific books of superb quality appear, not in the larger stores but as academy publications (with a separate, although also reduced, budget) and in hole-in-the-wall shops where only the *cognoscenti* go to browse and purchase at prices too high for local readers.

Under these circumstances two phenomena may be observed, one sinister, the other promising. The first is the vast disaffection from reading and the consequent turn to junk, VCRs, bad films, worse-than-Woodstock festivals: a subculture that attracts questionable elements and lowers taste. The presence of these hooligans is known to all societies (because they spend a lot of money), but in transition periods they constitute a class among which crime flourishes. On the other hand, there is an elite youth, purposeful, of sure taste and remarkable culture, whose conversation is a delight and whose aspirations are of the highest. Correcting exam essays, I found my students at two universities to be not only accomplished writers, but quasi-ready scholars whose work could be submitted to high-caliber journals. When a 20-year-old blond girl, besides being pretty, devotes 18 pages to Hegel's analysis of Spinoza's pantheism, and with sustained argument, you feel that your professorial career has been recompensed.

One conclusion that may be derived from these observations is that class differences, with a new democratic base (students recruited, at university level, with regard only to their preparation and worth), will again be the central feature of Eastern Europe. One way or another, the *Geistlich* again predominates, while economically the area develops into a free-for-all, on the model of Western industrial democracies. Thus parallel to a savage liberal economics, there are also the beginnings of a talent-led cultural network, also international and very selective. This network is fighting for survival against the encroachments of the economic argument, powerful in impoverished countries. One example: I learned from the Hungarian Minister of Schools and Culture himself that under Western pressure (in reality the blackmail of offering or withdrawing aid) his ministry is preparing a new academic program and curriculum. According to Western "advisors," the country must inflate the number of students at its universities and academies from the current 11 percent to at least 30 percent. This means, of course, the dilution of the pro-

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grams of study, the creation of an unemployable, hence revolutionary, intellectual class of eternal students and half-baked champions of demagogic cultural policies. Western "experts" also suggest that academic life be linked to industry and business, a policy that, according to them, works well in their own countries. Because he asked my advice, which he is not anyway allowed to follow, I suggested that the present 11 percent be *reduced* to 8 percent and that he investigate the so-called beneficial link that exists between business and the universities. No question that the minister and the entire government are not in a position to follow this line of thought, although it is based on many years' experience. The whole matter offers, however, an example of how the West regards that "other half" of Europe as inferior, as an area ready for colonization.

The other type of "colonization" can at least be nuanced and criticized and deflected. After 40 years of relative cultural isolation, the intellectuals of Eastern Europe are today to some extent corralled by Western intellectual fashions and their spokesmen. This, too, is an effect of international congresses paid for by sponsors and organizers. Precisely because of the region's need of capital, these sponsors, whether governmental or private (semiprivate would be a more adequate term), favor the fashionable schools of thought, which today means the quasi-monopoly of the liberal/socialist approach, or, more concretely, such thinkers as Derrida, Foucault, Habermas (of the otherwise agonizing Frankfurt School), the Anglo-Saxon analytical and linguistic thinkers, Richard Rorty, the German progressivist theologians, Umberto Eco, and so forth. No fewer than 500 people gathered last year at Budapest University to listen to Jacques Derrida's abracadabra, translated from his spoken French into English. Granted, these public manifestations are largely mere fashion, but one could wish something better on people who for decades were obliged (and confined) to hear Georg Lukacs and his Russian guarantors.

This, too, is the accompanying phenomenon of slow convalescence in societies that have not yet regained their cultural independence and that accept, tacitly, the following equation: the West is rich, the West knows best. But here again, there are two signs pointing in opposite directions. Hungarian radio and television have two directors who wreck their channels by introducing huge doses of advertisements of the most vulgar character, hence low-quality programming. Everybody agrees that they ought to be fired, but since their posts have become subject to political football, Western and local business interests insist on keeping them.

The other sign was given by Denmark, which originally voted against Maastricht, in effect against the whole abstract and bureaucratic concept of a united Europe: another "melting pot" that majorities do not want to be stirred into. Lately Europe's model democracy, Switzerland, sober Switzerland, voted against joining the combined Twelve-and-Seven free economies. After all, why opt for a "united Europe," which too will sink into chaos and be dominated by the Germans? If this is not a cultural decision, what is?

Thomas Molnar's latest book is The Emerging Atlantic Culture *(Transaction).*

LIBERAL ARTS

MINORITIES AGAINST IMMIGRATION

The chorus against increased immigration to the United States continues to grow in minority communities, reports the Federation for American Immigration Reform. Jack Terrazas of the National Hispanic Alliance, Joe Pullen of Black Political Agenda, and Sam Park of the American Korean Political Action Group all signed letters to President Clinton and Congress last July advocating an immediate moratorium on immigration. California State Senator Art Torres chimed in by supporting such a moratorium while a thorough review of the effects of immigration on the economy and the environment is conducted.

Contrary to media propaganda, minority communities have long been against increased immigration. According to the Latino National Political Survey, more than 65 percent of Latinos want immigration levels reduced, and in a nationwide public opinion survey directed by the Hispanic USA Research Group, immigration was clearly shown to be a top concern of Hispanics. Citing mostly economic reasons for Hispanic support of the moratorium, Terrazas argues that "we certainly cannot continue to feed the whole world in our backyard."

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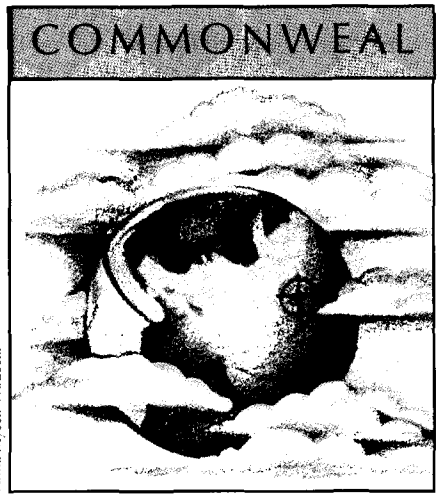

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Citizenship and Immigration

by Governor Pete Wilson

Every evening, thousands of people line up just south of California's border with Mexico. They wait for darkness to fall so they can slip across the border and illegally enter our country. The Border Patrol succeeds in catching as many as half of these people, but thousands more still succeed at illegally entering our country each and every day.

I don't fault people trying to find a better life in our nation. In fact, it's hard not to admire their courage and determination. America is a nation of immigrants—three of my own grandparents were immigrants to America. They came for the same reason anyone comes—to build a better future. They brought their hopes and dreams, and the nation benefited from them and millions like them. But there's a limit to how many immigrants we can assimilate at once.

During just the past four years, enough people to fill a city the size of Oakland have illegally crossed the border into California. In Los Angeles alone, illegal aliens and their children total nearly a million people—that's a city of illegal immigrants the size of San Diego living in our midst. If we ignore this flood of illegal immigration, we'll erode the quality of life for all those who live here legally. And make no mistake, our quality of life is threatened by this tidal wave of illegal immigrants.

Our classrooms are already bursting, but by federal law they're open to anyone who can clandestinely slip across America's 2,000-mile border. Our public health care facilities are swamped, but two-thirds of all babies born in L.A. public hospitals are born to parents who have illegally entered the United States. And the budgets for our parks, beaches, libraries, and public safety will continue to suffer while California spends billions to incarcerate enough illegal aliens to fill eight state prisons.

It's hardworking recent legal immigrants who suffer the most from our failure to deal with illegal immigration. Legal immigrants suffer lower wages and lost jobs when illegal immigration grows. And it's legal immigrants who bear the brunt of the backlash that comes when a nation can't control its borders. That's why we must return reason and fairness to America's immigration laws. The solution to the problem lies not on our border but in policies devised 3,000 miles to the east in our nation's capital. The federal government has failed miserably at controlling the border. Crossing America's Southern border is easier than crossing most streets in L.A. Millions have done it, and millions more will if we don't take action.

First, I've urged President Clinton to seek assistance from the Mexican government to help stop the flood of illegal immigrants on the Mexican side of our border. The ratification of NAFTA is a golden opportunity to secure the cooperation of the Mexican government in our shared responsibility to prevent illegal immigration. But controlling the border alone isn't enough. In fact, there's little point in even having a Border Patrol if we're going to continue to reward those who successfully violate U.S. law and enter our country illegally.

Today, the federal government forces the states to give health care, education, and other benefits to illegal aliens. These mandated services cost California taxpayers nearly $3 billion a year. That's $3 billion we must cut from the services we provide legal residents of California. Saving just the $1 billion we spend educating illegal immigrants in California schools would allow us to put a new computer on every fifth grader's school desk; provide preschool services to an additional 67,000 four-year-olds; expand Healthy Start Centers to an additional 750 sites; and provide 12.5 million tutorial and mentoring hours to at-risk youth.

Because depriving legal California residents of these services is wrong, I'm also urging Congress to repeal the federal mandates that require states to provide health care, education, and other benefits to illegal immigrants. The President and Congress should pay for these mandates as long as they require the states to provide them. But what they should really do is repeal them, or they will simply encourage and reward continued illegal immigration. Congress should create a tamper-proof legal resident eligibility card and require it of everyone seeking government benefits.

Finally, we must fundamentally rethink the very foundation of our immigration laws. The 14th Amendment to the Constitution has been interpreted as granting citizenship to every child born on American soil, even to children whose parents are illegal aliens. Some illegals come to our country simply to have a child born on American soil who can then gain American citizenship and a host of public benefits. Just since 1988, the number of children of illegal aliens on our state's welfare rolls has grown more than fourfold.

Of course, the clear purpose of the 14th Amendment when it was adopted three years after the Civil War was to validate the citizenship rights of former slaves and their children. It was never intended to be a reward for illegal immigration. It's time to amend the Constitution so that citizenship belongs only to the children of legal residents of the United States.

President Clinton did not create the grave problem of illegal immigration; he inherited it. But this exclusively federal responsibility now belongs to him and to Congress. They must move without delay to enact these critical reforms to our nation's immigration laws. There is no time to waste, because the problem

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grows every day, swelled by the thousands of illegal aliens who slip across the border every night. We need immigration reform, and we need it now.

Pete Wilson is the governor of California.

In Praise of Tyranny

by Theodore Pappas

Nationalism and the Language Wars

"I'm always sorry when any language is lost," Samuel Johnson told Boswell during their tour of the Hebrides in September 1773, "because languages are the pedigree of nations." Linguistic pride is not a dead artifact of Romantic nationalism. It is alive and well today, among the Quebecois and among the supporters of a constitutional amendment to make English the official language of the United States, and it is flourishing in particular among the partisans of the little-noticed language wars now raging across Europe.

Take France, for example. No Western European country has striven more systematically to suppress regional speech in the name of national unity. With French history virtually synonymous with regional strife and cultural conflict (Charles de Gaulle fondly asked, "How can you make a country that has 215 varieties of cheeses behave as one?") the Parisian policy for four centuries has been to condemn provincial tongues as vulgar and divisive and to impose a standardized French—the French of the north-central region—nationwide. The Revolution regarded linguistic diversity an "enemy of the people," an enemy of egalitarianism, and France officially banned regional languages in 1886.

This governmental assault on regional dialect may finally have come to an end. According to a plan announced earlier this year, the French government has ordered public schools and teachers in regions with indigenous languages to prepare for bilingual education. To a certain extent, the Parisian establishment has merely acknowledged a *fait accompli*. As Marlise Simons recently reported in the *New York Times*, private schools in Béziers and Nîmes have long taught Provençal, the language of the troubadours of the Middle Ages. Radio stations in Toulouse and Marseilles have without official sanction broadcast news programs in Occitan, the family of dialects to which Provençal belongs. In the foothills of the Pyrenees, radio stations regularly offer children's stories in Basque, and dictionaries in the Celtic language Breton are widely available to the residents of Brittany. Urging the rest of Europe to take heed and follow France's lead, linguist Claude Hagege declared this summer that "European governments have an obligation to promote local languages and traditions because they are in danger of being forgotten and because the 'Americanization' of Europe has to be contained."

Of course, not all Gauls are fervent Francophiles. The long-standing linguistic rivalry between French and Flemish in Belgium, for example, has heated up once again. This summer the executive government of Flanders banned the cable-distribution company Coditel from airing Tele-Bruxelles, a local French-language station, in two Flemish-speaking regions outside of Brussels, which is officially bilingual. The act was reminiscent of one taken last year by Belgium's communications minister Paula D'hondt, who withdrew a French-speaking telephone directory service from the same area. The some 200,000 French-speakers of the two districts have angrily denounced the moves as "attacks on our basic freedom of expression."

Overijse, the principally Dutch-speaking greenbelt outside of Brussels, has taken the war against French one step further. Overijse's town council proposed this August to allow communes in Brabant to refuse residency to anyone without ties to the Flemish community and who cannot speak Dutch. The measure is aimed not only at the French-speaking community, but also at the incessant waves of Eurocrats now flooding this beautiful area around the E.C. capital of Brussels. A British woman and her Armenian husband who were denied residency in Overijse complained that their "basic human rights" had been violated. "Every E.C. citizen has the right to live where they like in Europe," they argued. Apparently no one told this to the bumpkins of Overijse, who still stubbornly cling to the quaint notion of local sovereignty.

Similar battles are raging through Scandinavia. Finland's days as a bilingual country, in fact, may be numbered. Schoolchildren are currently taught both Swedish and Finnish, the country's two official languages, for at least three out of the nine years of mandatory education. In primary schools along the coast, where the 6 percent Swedish-speaking minority principally lives, Swedish is taught for as many as seven years. What Finland's education minister, Riita Uosukainen, recently proposed is to make Swedish-language instruction voluntary, thus placating the Finnish majority that resents being forced to study Swedish. The latter, reports Karin Sundstrom in the *European*, believes "Swedish-speaking people in Finland should not be entitled to rights that the Finnish-speaking people in Sweden do not have."

Nor is all quiet on Norway's linguistic front, where a language controversy has delayed the country's application to the E.C. Norwegian, of course, is the official language of Norway, but there are two accepted forms of it. They are separate and equal in status and are both used in public documents. This is not a problem for Norwegians but for the E.C., which refuses to approve two official languages for a member country. The E.C. already complains about the growing number of languages it must accommodate even without the membership of the so-called FANS, the current acronym for Finland, Austria, Norway, and Sweden. When the FANS become members, the number of language combinations that E.C. interpreters will have to contend with will rise from 72 to 132. Some Eurocrats worry that the number of translators will eventually surpass the number of E.C. policymakers; there are currently 1,600 of the former and 3,900 of the latter.

Language controversies of graver consequence embroil the Slavic populations of the Baltics. Tensions remain high over the language requirements set by both Estonia and Latvia as conditions of citizenship for ethnic Russians, most of whom arrived after the Soviet invasion of the area in 1940. It was relatively easy to grant everyone citizenship in Lithuania, where only 20 percent of the population is non-Lithuanian. But, in Latvia, Russians comprise almost half the population and are the clear majority in the capital of Riga. Russians also constitute about 40 percent of the population in

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Estonia. Yeltsin and the Russian communities in these now-independent countries are naturally unhappy with the new citizenship requirements and mandatory language exams. Besides their complaint that the Estonian and Latvian languages are too difficult to learn, they have appealed to the United Nations as victims of "discrimination" and "ethnic cleansing." Yeltsin has even suspended troop withdrawals from the region; the Russian communities have threatened labor strikes; the Russian-dominated border town of Narva—which provides Estonia with 97 percent of its electricity—has threatened a cutoff; and rumors are rife about a possible Estonian raid on the pivotal town.

Baltic natives are not blind to the hypocrisy of their former overlords leveling charges of "ethnic cleansing." The *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and their internationalist ilk may wish the world to "live and let live" when it comes to remembering Soviet tyranny, mass murders, and acts of cultural genocide, but the native victims and their progeny are not as forgiving. Ukrainians remember the brutal and systematic suppression of pan-Slavism in general and of their culture and language in particular by both Russian and Soviet dictators, and Latvians, Lithuanians, and Estonians well remember the invasion of 1940 and the institution of Russian as the official language of the region, with everyone required by law to learn it. "After what the Soviets did to us," said Mart Rannut, head of Estonia's National Language Board, "for us to ask Russians to learn a little language as the cost of citizenship seems not too big a price to ask."

Italian politics have played out in the linguistic realm as well. The growing secessionist movement, in particular, has spurred a revival of regional dialects. Of course, neither regionalism nor regional dialects ever really died in Italy, for the country has never been unified, linguistically or politically. The story about the Battle of San Martino and Italy's subsequent "unification" speaks volumes about the country's current linguistic state. "Today we have given the Austrians a good thrashing," Victor Emmanuel supposedly said—*in French* to his officers, *in dialect* to his troops, and *in Italian* to Garibaldi. Following in this tradition, the regional constituents of the Lega Nord have attempted to revive the dialects of Northern Italy; Umberto Bossi has called for the compilation of dictionaries of local dialect; and some localities have even begun renaming their towns. Linguist and *leghista* Giancarlo Oli proclaimed this summer that "dialect, rather than Italian, is the country's true language" and urged "dialects to be taught in primary schools."

Southern Italy, too, has experienced a renewed interest in dialect, but under different circumstances. If the revival of dialect is cause for celebration in the North, it is a cathartic means of grieving and persevering in the violent South. This spring, for example, before an overflowing crowd at Palermo's cathedral, a Requiem Mass was performed in honor and memory of Judge Falcone, Judge Borsellino, and their bodyguards, all of whom were assassinated in Sicily last year. The mass was arranged by seven young Italian composers who translated a Latin text by Sicilian author Vincenzo Consolo into Sicilian dialect and Italian, i.e., Tuscan. Amid the thousands gathered were the wife of Judge Borsellino, the sister of Judge Falcone, and row upon row of black-clad widows of murdered *carabinieri*. The Sicilian performance "expresses the new climate not only in this city but in all of Italy," said Leoluca Orlando, leader of *La Rete*.

This "new climate," as these many examples make clear, is noticeable not only in Italy but across the whole of Europe, and numerous other examples could be offered, from the Welsh to the Catalans. What is "new" is not the tie between language and rising nationalism. The modern conception, after all, of language as an expression of regional, national, or cultural distinctiveness goes back at least as far as Herder's *Volkgeist*. Also not new is the rhetorical cudgel wielded by opponents of regionalism and of local autonomy. In a recent essay on "The Tyranny of Tongues" in *History Today*, John Geipel compared the current outbreak of nationalism, ethnicity, and linguistic pride in Europe with "the Nazis, [who] obsessed with the Aryan myth, strove to purge the German language of every obvious loan." Believing the "legacy of this false equation between language, 'race' and nation has persisted to our own time," he concludes that language, "as an expression of a nation's singularity, is clearly as much alive today . . . and continues to carry with it the sinister, irrational and xenophobic implications which it always has." That's right, whether consciously or unconsciously, the proud people of Overijse are really racists and xenophobes, if not closet admirers of Chamberlain and Gobineau. Such epithets and canards have a familiar ring to many Americans.

What *is* striking, however, about this "new climate" in Europe is the timing and persistence. At the very moment when centralization, homogeneity, transnationalism, and universalism are the reigning impulses in the capitals of the West, at the very time that a *common* market, a *common* currency, and a *common* government à la Maastricht comprise the blueprint of Europe's officially designated future, wars of nationalism, political autonomy, and ethnic identity are spreading apace. The regnant elite may wish to believe that squabbles over Norwegian, Italian dialect, and local sovereignty are mere ephemeral remnants of an unenlightened past, but such "remnants" persist and hinder their plan for a uniform and unified Europe any time in the near future. The transnationalists in New York and Brussels may be speaking Esperanto, but the people have clearly opted for a "tyranny of tongues."

Theodore Pappas is the managing editor of Chronicles.

LIBERAL ARTS

QUEER REASONS FOR ASYLUM

A growing number of aliens are citing persecution of homosexuality in their native lands as their reason for seeking asylum in the United States. A 32-year-old Iranian designer, for example, applied for asylum last April to avoid returning to his homeland, where sodomy is punished by death. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, his is one of three test cases undertaken by the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, a gay-rights group that is striving to ease federal asylum rules for homosexuals. In addition to the Iranian, Lambda is representing a Russian lesbian in San Francisco and a Nicaraguan gay with AIDS in Texas.

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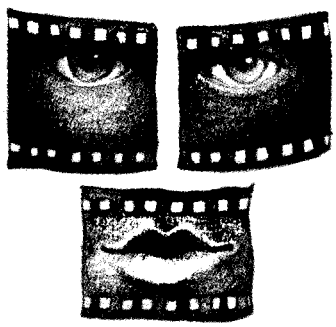
FILM



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

La Condition Humaine

by David R. Slavitt

Zoo
Produced and Directed by
Frederick Wiseman
Released by Zipporah Films

Much Ado About Nothing
Produced by Kenneth Branagh,
David Parfitt,
and Stephen Evans
Direction and Screenplay by
Kenneth Branagh
Released by The Samuel
Goldwyn Company

Frederick Wiseman's rigorous documentary style disdains the unctuous narrator's voice-over explanations to the audience of what it ought to be able to see with its own eyes, and this technique has never been more eloquent and effective than in *Zoo*, the maestro's 25th work, which was shown on PBS in June and is available for rental from Zipporah Films of Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Zoo* is a brooding, poignant, poetic consideration of nothing less than the human condition. The animals are gorgeous of course, odd and easy to like. The zookeepers of the Metro Zoo in Miami are attentive, caring, devoted to their charges, and altogether admirable. But their business with the beasts is grotesque, sometimes brutal, and a great strain on both sides. If the keepers and veterinarians were sadists and fools, there could have been an easy protest film, I suppose. What makes this complicated and rich and, ultimately, much more depressing, is that we see decent people, with the best possible motives, clubbing a bunny to death in order to feed a boa constrictor or castrating a wolf in order to make it more manageable and, very likely, to increase its life expectancy. There are cages, of course, as in Bridgewater State Hospital for the Criminally Insane (of Wiseman's first film, *Titicut Follies*) and there is even an incinerator for the corpses of animals that die, so that we see a quick allusion to Dachau and Buchenwald. And it is the institution, and the situation itself, that forces these kindly people to do these unappealing and callous things.

In other words, what we have is a long threnody on the text of Genesis: "Then God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.' So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him . . . "

Mostly, we are flattered by the implications here, but Fred Wiseman's bold and rueful question is whether this burden may not be too much for us. Why should we have dominion over these beasts who are stronger, faster, prettier, and every bit as wonderful as we? What does it cost us, morally and emotionally, to have to discharge the duties that such mastery carries with it? We see the stillbirth of a rhino calf after a 20-month-long pregnancy, and it is not happening out in that forest where trees fall in silence because there is no one to hear them, but in the zoo in front of a gaggle of observers with clipboards, each of whom is heartbroken. They try their best, pounding on the stillborn calf, and giving it mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but that grand dominion we have turns out to be pitiably limited.

There are shots of the zoo's patrons, playing with their cameras in the way that the chimps and the gorillas play with their shreds of cloth. We see the monorail looping around the park, and gradually it changes from a simple vehicle of transport to a metaphor of fate, necessity, destiny. This is the track we are on, and we can't get off or change course. Above, in the spectacular sky, there is the moon, to which Wiseman cuts from time to time to suggest the passage of time. But as with most of his cover shots, it, too, takes on a larger significance and a burden of complicated meaning. This is Miami, after all, and so there has to be a moon, as in the song title. But the imperturbability of heavenly bodies is exactly what we are lacking. In our relations with each other—in *Welfare*, in *High School*, in *Law and Order*, and in *Near Death*—and in our relations with the beasts—in *Meat*, *Primate*, and *Race Track*—there is the same aspiration that is besmirched if not quite doomed by our sublunary imperfections. And the mute testimony of these films has about it the profound hurt of a child who is old enough and brave enough not to cry but whose silent tears are nonetheless welling up and spilling down.

One of the last sequences of the picture is a particularly unpleasant one, and what hurts most is that there is nowhere to point with accusations. It's nobody's fault. A pack of feral dogs has managed to dig its way under some fences and has attacked some of the deer and antelope, mauled them to death, and eaten parts of their corpses. This is horrible and we are offended, although that is what carnivores do, after all. The zookeepers go out into the palmetto scrub with rifles and walkie-talkies to hunt down the predators, and they manage to find the largest of the dogs and shoot it. They drag its corpse along in the dirt, throw it into the truck bed, haul it back to the crematorium, and fling it into the incinerator. It is the reasonable and even the correct thing to do, but is it right? Is it what we volunteered for?

In a particularly obtuse review in the *New York Times*, Walter Goodman complained that much of this film was not appropriate for little children. The truth of the matter is that zoos are tough and demanding places, as is the world itself. The text on which Wiseman preaches is as difficult as any in the Bible, and it gets even darker a few verses later. "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." One gets that sense, too, from the brightly colored shots of the ostriches, the giraffes, the tapirs, the birds-of-paradise. The awe and wonder and the gratitude we all feel is up there on the screen, but it is humbling, because, as Rabbi Wiseman shows us, we are not adequate to be keepers, no matter how hard we may try or how fervently we may pray for help and guidance.

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There is another film about the human condition or, more specifically, the limitations of mortals when they presume to meddle in one another's business. *Much Ado About Nothing* is, on its surface, a comedy, but it is a stern, even disagreeable piece that the verse and the glitzy Plautine repartee of Beatrice and Benedick make palatable. The play is about eavesdropping—the "nothing" in the title having been pronounced in such a way as to be a homonym of "noting," which meant overhearing. Kenneth Branagh's first and most basic decision—to shoot this all out of doors in a dreamland Italian villa's gardens—was simply wrong. The action is urban, shadowy, and the piece wants a film noir look, even black and white, with lots of gloom and shadows. Even on the level of narrative reasonableness, Dogberry and his watch make no sense in the setting into which Branagh has dumped them.

The play is a curious work in several ways. For one, it seems to have been a rewrite, a rescue of a failed or discarded piece. The earlier part, about Hero and Claudio, is largely in verse, which is what the young Shakespeare used to do, while the Beatrice and Benedick pieces, mostly in smart-ass prose, may have been added later. The two stories, one of mischievous and the other of positively malevolent manipulation by Don Pedro and his bastard brother, Don John, combine elegantly and allow for deferred payoffs, echoes, grace notes, and all kinds of intricate intellectual business. But the mood of the piece is gloomy indeed—Don John is a proto-Iago; Don Pedro is a small-time version of *Measure for Measure*'s Duke Vincentio. Branagh is all sunshine, light, décolletage, tight pants, picnics, music, and dancing.

The dark part of the play, its flirtings with death and disaster and its assumptions of vanity and venality, Branagh has either ignored or failed to understand. And this is all the more regrettable because these dark aspects would have better served the stylish energy of his own fine performance as Benedick and Emma Thompson's as Beatrice. He has reason to be a little nasty, and she certainly does, but it's hard to remember this in the distracting dazzle of this candy-box *mise en scène*.

For these two performances, and one or two other competently played bit parts, the film is worth seeing, but one ought not have elevated expectations. Branagh's announced operating principle is warning enough. As he said in several interviews, "*Much Ado* means that a grateful teacher will be able to say to the kids, 'Here are girls with cleavages and boys with tight trousers. You will now shut up for an hour and pay attention.'"

You will also be assigned to read the play and see how much is omitted. As, for instance, in the following passage, from Act V, Scene 1. All the missing material is in brackets:

Antonio: If you go on thus, you
will kill yourself;
[And 'tis not wisdom thus to sec
ond grief
Against yourself.]
Leonato: [I pray thee, cease thy
counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as
profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me
counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight
mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs
do suit with mine.]
Bring me a father that so loved
his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd
like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
[Measure his woe the length and
breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for
strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief
for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape,
and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke
his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!" when
he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make
misfortune drunk
With candlewasters, bring him yet
to me,
And I of him will gather pa-
tience.]
But there is no such man: for,
brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to
that grief
Which they themselves not feel;
but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion,
[which before
Would give preceptial medicine
to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken
thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony
with words. . . .]

LIBERAL ARTS

SHIPPING 'EM BACK

"Illegal aliens get marching orders," reported the *European* last summer. Recent agreements between Poland and Romania and between Germany and Poland provide for the repatriation of illegal Romanian and Polish immigrants, respectively. (It is estimated that some 30,000 Romanians illegally entered Poland last year.) Poland has also signed deportation accords with Ukraine, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia in an effort to stem the tide of illegal immigration.

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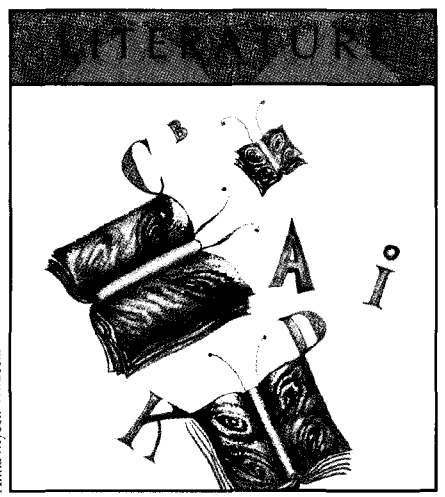
This elaborately produced *Cliff's Notes of Much Ado* is supposed to be high art. What it reminds me of is Tom Stoppard's *Fifteen Minute Hamlet*, which was meant as an irreverent joke.

There are other, smaller problems, too. Keanu Reeve's Don John is a cartoon villain, which he does less well than Mandy Patinkin did Inigo Montoya in *The Princess Bride*. Denzel Washington—as Reeve's half-brother!—is handsome enough but a disaster whenever he opens his mouth. His vowels and rhythms are all pitiably off. Michael Keaton's energetic-enough performance as Dogberry is that of a lunatic out of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, but it is likely that the fault is more Branagh's than his own.

Where was I going with all this? I had some abstract notions about meddling, the perils of the human condition, and the risks of pride and vanity . . . but let it go. It's obvious and not worth doing.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist living in Philadelphia.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Exclusive

by Stephen Provizer

Writer's Mags Exposed

Who's responsible for all those "Writer's magazines"—*Writer, Writer's Digest, Writer's Notebook*, etc.—clogging the newsstands of Harvard Square? The unsuspecting peruser who comes to these periodicals seeking professional advice will be disappointed to find that they read like a cross between Norman Vincent Peale and *Robotics Monthly*. The truth is, writing is a rough and lonely trade and, as far as I'm concerned, the ilk of steely stoicism and treacly "inspiration" dished out by these rags just doesn't cut the mustard.

As a freelancer with a propensity toward self-destruction, I feel it is my duty to expose these journals and have therefore distilled a number of their typical stories down to a glistening pearl I call: "Clarence, Its Now or Never! (An Inspirational Yarn)."

"Growing up sixth in a Scotch Presbyterian family of 12 outside Home Fries, Pennsylvania, I didn't have much chance to think about what it meant to be an Artist; I was too busy fighting for haggis at the supper table. Like everyone in my family, it was expected that I would spend my life working in the local potato chip factory, raising an enormous and respectable family and serving as a lower-level functionary in the local church. But there was something different about me, even from the very beginning.

"As a toddler, I used to huddle under my nappy with a flashlight, reading E.B. White on style. In grammar school, I forged notes so erudite that not once did I have to bounce frozen soccer balls off my head in winter gym class. Most tellingly, while the other kids loitered in the penny candy section of the five and dime, I was in the stationery department, ogling the little spiral notebooks and Mont Blanc fountain pens.

"As the years went by, however, I allowed myself to be caught up in the numbing inertia that is Home Fries. I ended up in the chip factory, married with six kids, and while I continued to fill tiny notebooks and got so frustrated I sometimes thought I would kill to get the chance, I never seriously considered pursuing writing as a profession.

"Then, fate twisted the plot: one torrid summer's day, my wife Blossom's bagpipes unexpectedly exploded during the Founder's Day Parade and I was left a widower. Paradoxically, it was at this vulnerable junction in my life that I decided I had to make the great leap into the unknown. I was already 20 years old and time was slipping by—so many novellas unwritten; so many writing seminars unattended.

"My friends and neighbors were less than enthusiastic, pummeling me about the responsibilities of church, nuclear family, and community and trying to convince me I had the talent of a cockroach. It wasn't an easy decision to make, but I figured that, between the double indemnity insurance settlement and the government cheese giveaways, we'd get by. I knew I had to give it a shot. It was now or never.

"Once the decision was made and writing success targeted, it simply became a question of 'buckling down.' In my case, this meant shipping the kids off to in-laws, buying a set of E-Z Writer's Guides to Publication (available through this magazine), canceling my cable TV, locking myself in the den, and changing a few names to avoid litigation.

"Anyone who's been following the best-seller charts and the celebrity pages knows I haven't missed yet. Starting with *A Child's Book of Chips* (the very first book to be packaged in a cellophane bag, with completely edible pages), all the way up to my latest—*A Nacho Chip on My Shoulder* (off-beat humor with melted cheese and a medium-hot sauce)—I've had nothing but devoted readers and (thank goodness) great reviews. It should also be noted that I met and married a beautiful, intelligent model—a former Miss Clam Dip from Encino—and have had a vasectomy. So, my message to all you aspiring writers out there is—You can make it like me! Get yourself some of the little notebooks, insure your spouse, and don't forget to change the names!"

Well, friends, if this is what the canny editors of these magazines are passing off as inspiration, then I say give me blackhearted cynicism any day. When these people find someone whose biggest investment is filing cabinets to house rejection slips, who flies into a jealous rage just hearing the names "Bret," "Tama," and "Jay," whose mood swings Tarzan would get vertigo trying to swing on, *then* they will have my deep and abiding attention.

Until then, I admit I will continue to buy the magazines, but only for the classifieds; I've found a guy can actually make a pretty good living writing sensitive pornography and humorous gag lines for New Age greeting card companies in Maine.

Stephen Provizer writes from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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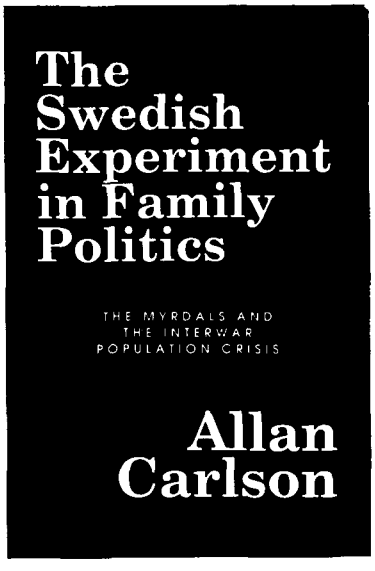
New and Recent Books on Family and Policy



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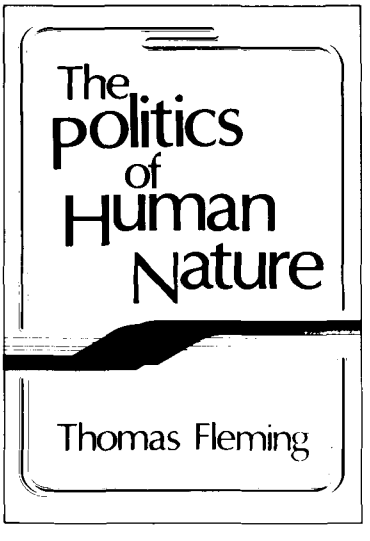

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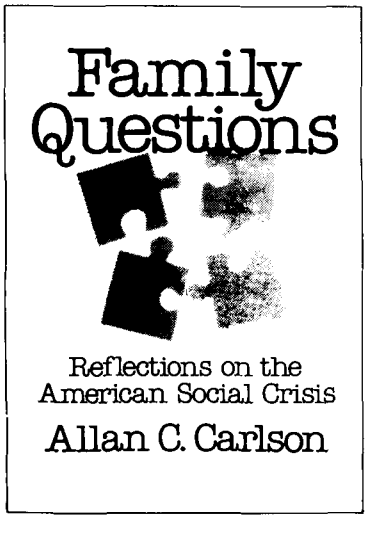

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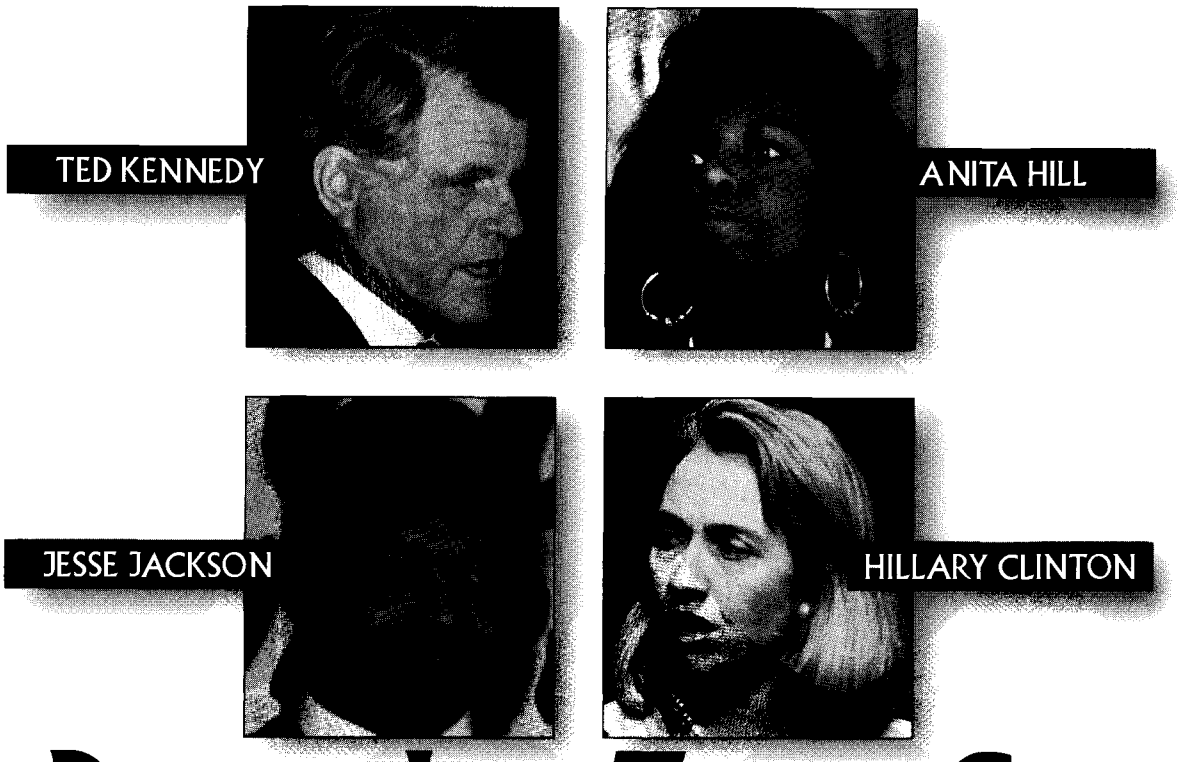

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